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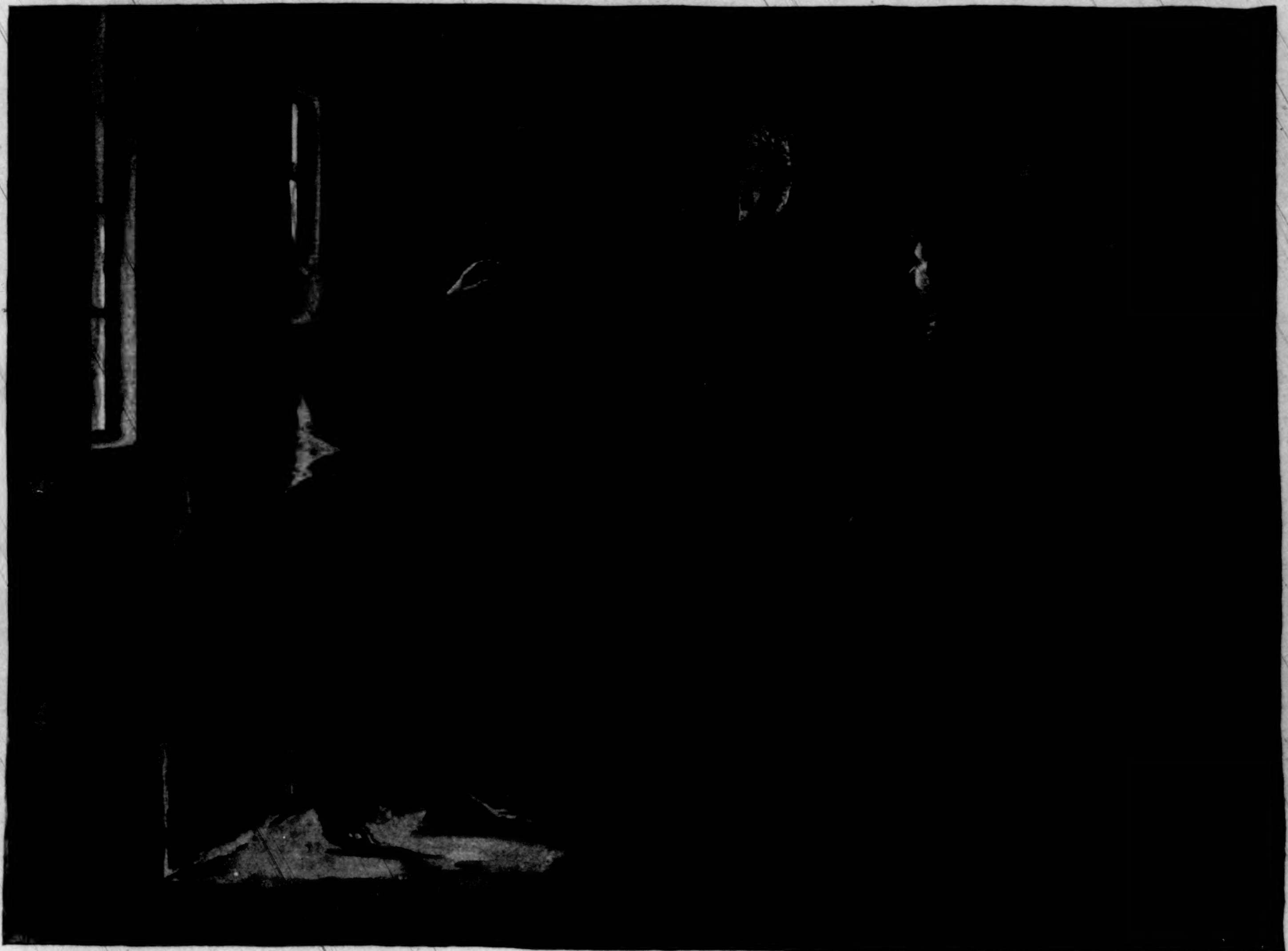

THE MASTER.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

PROEM.

DESPITE its long stretch of winter, in which May might wed December in no incompatible union, 'twas a happy soil, this Acadia, a country of good air and great spaces; two-thirds of the size of Scotland, with a population that could be packed away in a corner of Glasgow; a land of green forests and rosy cheeks; a land of milk and molasses; a land of little hills and great harbors, of rich valleys and lovely lakes, of overflowing rivers and oversurging tides that, with all their menace, did but fertilize the meadows with red silt and alluvial mud; a land over which France and England might well bicker when first they met oversea; a land which, if it never reached the restless energy of the States, never retained the Old-World atmosphere that long lingered over New England villages; save here and there in some rare Acadian settlement that dreamed out its life in peace and prayer among its willow-trees and in the shadows of its orchards.

At Minudie, at Clare in Annapolis County, where the goodly apples grew, lay such fragments of old France, simple communities shutting out the world and time, marrying their own, tilling their good dyke land, and picking up the shad that the retreating tide left on the exposed flats; listening to the Angelus, and baring their heads as some Church procession passed through the drowsy streets. They had escaped the Great Expulsion, nor had joined in the exodus of "Evangeline," and, sprinkled about the country, were compatriots of theirs who had drifted back when the times grew more sedate; but for the most part the Saxon had profited by the labors of the pioneer Gaul, repairing the tumble-down farms and the dilapidated dykes, possessing himself of embanked marsh lands, and replanting the plum-trees and the quinces his predecessor had naturalized. The revolt of the States against Britain sent thousands of American loyalists flocking into this "New Scotland," and Scots themselves flowed in from auld Scotland, and the German came to sink himself in the Briton, and a band of Irish adventurers under the swashbuckling Colonel M'Nutt arrived with a grant of a million acres that they were not destined to occupy. The Acadian repose had fled forever. The sparse Indian hastened to make himself scarcer, conscious there was no place for him in the new order, and disappearing deliciously in hogsheads of rum. The virgin greenwood rang with axes, startling the bear and the moose. Crash! Down went pine and beech, hemlock and maple, their stumps alone left to rot and enrich the fields. Crash!—thud! The weasel was caught asleep, the astonished musquash vanished in eddying circles. Bridges began to span the rivers where the beaver built its dams in happy unconsciousness of the tall cylinder that was about to crown civilization. The caribou and the silver-fox pressed inland to save their skins. The snare was set in the wildwood, and the crack of the musket followed the ring of the axe. The mackerel and the herring sought destruction in shoals, and the seines brimmed over with salmon and alewives and gaspereux. The wild land that had bloomed with golden-rod and violets was tamed with crops, and plump sheep and fat oxen pastured where the wild strawberry vine had trailed or the bull-frog had croaked under the alders. A sturdy, ingenious race, the fathers of the new settlement, loving work almost as much as they feared God, turning their hand to anything, and opening it wide to the stranger. They built their own houses and fashioned their own tools and shod their own horses, and later built their own vessels, and even sailed them to the great markets, laden with the produce of their own fields and the timber from their own saw-mills. There were women in this work-a-day paradise—shapely, gentle creatures, whose hands alone were rough with field and house-work; women who span and sang when the winter night winds whistled round the settlement. The dramas of love and grief began to play themselves out where the raccoon and the chickadee had fleeted the golden hours in careless living. Children came to make the rafters habitable, and Death to sanctify them with memories. The air grew human with the smoke of hearths, the forest with legends and histories. And as houses grew into homes and villages into townships, Church and State arose where only faith and freedom had been.

The sons and heirs of the fathers did not always cling to the tradition of piety and perseverance. The "Bluenose" grew apathetic, content with the fatness of the day; or, if he exerted himself, it was too often to best a neighbor. The great magnets of New York and Boston drew off or drew back all that was iron in the race.

And amid these homely emotions of yeomen, amid the crude pieties or impieties of homespun souls, amid this sane hearty intercourse with realities or this torpor of sluggish spirits, was born here and there a gleam of fantasy, of imagination; bizarre, transfiguring, touching things with the glamour of dream. Blind instincts—blinder still in their loneliness—yearned towards light; beautiful emotions stirred in dumb souls, emotions that mayhap turned to morbid passion in the silence and solitude of the woods, where character may grow crabbed and gnarled, as well as sound and straight. For whereas to most of these human creatures, begirt by the glory of sea and forest, the miracles of sunrise and sunset were only the familiar indications of a celestial timepiece, and the starry heaven was but a leaky ceiling in their earthly habitation, there was here and there an eye keen to note the play of light and shade and color, the glint of wave, and the sparkle of hoar-frost, and the spume of tossing seas; the gracious fairness of cloud and bird and blossom, the magic of sunlit sails in the offing, the witchery of white winters, and all the changing wonder of the woods; a soul with scanty self-consciousness at best, yet haply absorbing nature to give it back one day as Art.

CHAPTER I.

SOLITUDE.

"MATT, Matt, what's thet air noise?"

Matt opened his eyes vaguely, shaking off his younger brother's frantic clutch.

"It's on'y the frost," he murmured, closing his eyes again. "Go to sleep, Billy."

Since the sled accident that had crippled him for life, Billy was full of nervous terrors, and the night had been charged with mysterious noises. Within the lonely wooden

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THE PENSION SCANDAL.

OUR pension system is like a biting satire on democratic government. Never has there been anything like it in point of extravagance and barefaced dishonesty. Everybody knows this; but the number of men in public life who have courage enough to admit that they know it is ludicrously small. Whenever the general assertion is put forth that, in view of the immense size of the pension roll and the notorious laxity that has long prevailed in the administration of the law, a large number of the pensions paid must be fraudulent, the answer is: "Vague assertions prove nothing. Give us specific cases." The New York *Times* has done the American people an excellent service by furnishing the thing thus demanded. It has, indeed, not undertaken the gigantic task of overhauling the whole pension roll, but it has laid before the public a demonstration sufficiently conclusive. It has sent its reporters to several inland towns in this State to inquire into the cases of individual pensioners living there, and thus it has been able to spread before the public an array of evidence the representative character of which no fair-minded man will deny. Here we have lots of men drawing pensions for "disabilities incurred in the service and in the line of duty" who have given no evidence of the existence of the disabilities alleged—men who were for twenty years after the war notably strong and able-bodied; men who draw increased pensions for increased disabilities, while they are no more disabled than before; men who draw the maximum pension for total disability preventing them from "earning a support at manual labor," but who are earning a living by manual labor as well as they ever did before; men who have for years been drunken loafers indulging in all sorts of excesses, but are drawing pensions under a law which provides that no disability which is the result of his own vicious habits shall entitle a man to a pension; men who are rich, and should be ashamed to help in draining the Treasury; women drawing widows' pensions long after having forfeited their right to them; and so on. And the proportion of such cases to the total number of pensioners in those localities is more than sufficient fully to justify the saying that the pension roll is "honeycombed with fraud."

The long series of reports and articles published by the *Times* has thus completely shut the mouths of those who asked for further proof of what to any fair-minded man is already conclusively proven by the eloquent figures of our pension statistics. It may reasonably be assumed that ten years after the close of the war nearly all those really disabled by wounds or disease in the service had applied for pensions and had been provided for. The war closed in the spring of 1865. In 1876 the number of pensioners on the rolls was 232,137, and the amount paid to them $28,351,599 69. It might justly be assumed that in the ordinary course of things the number of pensioners and of soldiers' widows and of dependent soldiers' parents would decrease by death, that the pensioned orphan children of soldiers would come of age, and that therefore the amount to be paid out in pensions would steadily grow less. So it has been in all other countries and in all times. Instead of which we find that in 1893, nearly thirty years after the war, the pension roll had risen to 966,012 names, and the amount paid out to $156,740,467 14. This year it is still larger, and the number of new applications for pensions is incredible. In the seven months ending last October no less than 55,399 of them came into the Pension Office. There are, according to the last report of the commissioner, 711,150 claims, original and for increase, in the office still to be acted upon. The number of names on the pension roll, not counting the applicants, is much larger than was the number of men in active service at any period of the war. We are paying more for pensions than all other nations together. Our pension expenditure is heavier than the expenditure of the largest military power on earth for its military establishment.

In the face of these fabulous figures the assertion that our pension system is a worthy monument of the generous gratitude of the American people sounds like a fiendish mockery. We need only look at its history to conclude that it is rather a monument to the audacity and skill of our public plunderers, to the cowardice of our politicians, and to an enduring patience of our general public, which has long ceased to be a virtue. No people have ever been more shamelessly victimized than the American people have been in this pension business. Our deserving soldiers and sailors had been abundantly provided for, with far greater generosity than any other country could boast of, by the pension legislation that was enacted during and immediately after the war. Everybody would have been satisfied had not pension attorneys hungry for fees, and politicians hungry for votes, kept telling the veterans that they ought to have more. Still, legislation kept within bounds, and the pension roll began actually to decrease, as in the natural course of things it was bound to do, until, twelve years after the war, the "arrears-of-pensions act" was passed. This act, putting comparatively large sums of money within the reach of pensioners, excited the greed of many veterans, and served to establish the procuring of pensions in great quantities as a regular industry, and one of the most profitable in the country. With their headquarters in Washington and their agencies in every State, these pension-attorney firms flooded the land with their circulars, approaching every veteran personally to persuade him that he could have a pension, whether he had sustained any injury in the war or whether he was able to make a living or not, and that they would help him to it. Tens if not hundreds of thousands of pensioners may therefore truthfully say that while they did not think of applying for pensions, they were urged upon them by the attorneys. Thus torrents of applications poured in, for each of which an attorney had his fee.

As the pension attorneys got richer, they became greedier, more daring, and more powerful. They organized a manufactory of public opinion. Through organizations of veterans, and through newspapers established by them for the purpose, they assumed to speak in the name of the soldiers, and to demand of Congress more and more extravagant pension legislation to open to them new fields for booty. In Congress they found little if any resistance. There is no more brilliant illustration of the politicians' abject cowardice than the succession of pension laws asked for by soldiers at the instigation of the attorneys, and obsequiously granted by our Congressmen.

Thus we arrived where we are, not admired by other nations for our generosity, but laughed at for our folly and recklessness. The American people have permitted this preposterous debauch to go on until it not only swallowed up our Treasury surplus, but, however rich this country may be, it actually forces us to borrow money to meet the current expenses of the government. More than that. If by some unhappy foreign complication we should be forced to assume a warlike attitude, it would become a matter of grave consideration how much of that sort of luxury the country can afford to indulge in. From 1861 to 1893 we paid out in pensions no less than $1,576,503,544 42, with probably as much again or more to come. In other words, the pensions, before we are through with them, will have cost us at least as much as the whole war debt amounted to, and perhaps a good deal more, for the pension sharks are by no means through yet with their demands. We shall therefore have to consider not only how much a war may cost us, but that a heavier expense, although spread over a longer time, will begin when the war is over. Thus it may be said without exaggeration that our way of showing our so-called gratitude for military services rendered in one great war, taken as a precedent, renders our financial capacity for carrying on another great war seriously questionable.

We have no space here to discuss at length the demoralization spread by our pension system among a large part of our population, by familiarizing it with a seductive sort of mendicancy in a guise of patriotism, and with the habit of looking to the government for a living. Suffice it to say that nothing is more apt to undermine that popular character which is necessary for the life of democratic institutions. It is the highest time to stop in this mad career. Much of the damage done cannot be repaired. But effectual efforts can at least be set on foot to eliminate the fraudulent cases from the pension roll. We suggested already a year ago that to this end the public display of a list of local pensioners, with a statement of the disabilities, in every post-office in the country would be a great help. The proposition of the *Times* that a commission composed of old soldiers be charged with conducting an examination of the whole pension roll seems to us commendable. Then a method should be devised to make the intervention of the pension attorney between the applicant and the Pension Office unnecessary, and thus to disarm the principal agency of mischief. All such plans will, of course, find the greed of the pension attorney and the cowardice of the politician in their way. But it may dawn at last upon the politician that his cowardice is stupid. For while an earnest effort to reform the abuses of the pension system may cost him, on the one hand, a few votes of interested persons, it will, on the other hand, win him the favor and support of a much greater number of thoughtful and patriotic men. The average American is certainly willing that every deserving soldier who suffered in the war shall have his full share of honor and of the nation's bounty; but he is not willing that the people should be plundered by the fraudulent practices of greedy pretenders and speculators, and he will be grateful to the public man who aids in delivering the country of this pest.

THESE ARE RESPONSIBLE.

THE champions of the Democratic party are hard put to it to find reasons for rejoicing over its achievements for the year during which it has been in power. The repeal of the SHERMAN act, which was accomplished partly by trading with the silver men in the House of Representatives, and partly by the President's patriotic obstinacy, which wore out the obstructive Southern Senators so that they fell wearily into a pit of their own digging, is one achievement to which these champions point with pride. The passage of the WILSON tariff bill by the House is another. It is true that the bill has been changed for the worse by the Senate Finance Committee, and that what remains of its inconsiderable life is threatened by a half-dozen or more of Democratic Senators who secretly desire the continuance of the MCKINLEY act. Circumstances, however, compel the champions to overlook this fact. If one would keenly appreciate the difficulty under which an honest and intelligent man labors in attempting to make himself and others believe that the Democratic party has done well during the year it has been in full possession of the government, it is only necessary to read a recent article by ex-Governor RUSSELL of Massachusetts, published in the *Forum*.

The WILSON bill seems to Mr. RUSSELL to be worthy of an amount of eulogy to which genuine revenue-reformers cannot agree. The WILSON bill was one thing, while the bill that passed the House and that which is pending in the Senate are quite other things. While the slightest reduction of tariff taxes would be a step in the right direction, the measure which is likely to become a law is so small a fulfilment of the Democratic party's pledge to the country that it amounts to a violation of it. A promise may be broken by a partial performance of what was intended and expected as well as by a complete violation. The Democratic party promised to reduce tariff taxation, and, in making changes, to consider the public revenues and not private interests, except that vested rights were not to be wilfully assailed. The consumer was to be relieved of some of his burdens, both by the lowering of duties and by making raw materials free, in order that manufactured articles might be cheapened. So far as the Democrats of the Senate are concerned, that promise has not been kept. The bill as it stands does indeed reduce duties, and to that extent no Democrat can honorably oppose it; but its reductions are slight, and some of its features, especially the income tax, are odious.

In the House the Democrats yielded to the Populists. In the Senate they have succumbed to the agents and attorneys of McKinleyism. The bill as it stands is a half-fulfilled promise, the evidence of the dominating influence of dangerous elements within the Democratic party—elements that must continue to prevent it from bestowing upon the country the great boon which it has promised for twenty years.

Who is responsible for this state of affairs—for this abject failure, for this wretched travesty of a bill that embodies so many evil things—that, on the one hand, surrenders to the communists who assail thrift, and, on the other, to the communists who demand that the government shall aid them to combine in trusts that they may grow richer than they possibly could through individual endeavor? Why is it that the bill is not what the country had the right to expect, and therefore has the right to demand, of the Democratic party? Why is the great body of the party, which is sincere and earnest in its desire for tariff reform, condemned to take this short and halting step, when it hoped to be able to carry the country so far on the road towards freedom from enervating and corrupting paternalism that the tariff question would be settled for years to come?

The answer is obvious. In the House of Representatives, MCMILLIN and BYNUM, with the Southern and Western members generally, surrendered to Populism, embodied in "JERRE" SIMPSON. They loaded the tariff bill with a Populist income tax. They defend it against the charge of being a communistic assault on thrift and wealth, against being class legislation, against being a sectional attack upon the East, by pointing to the income taxes of Great Britain and Switzerland. There is no such income tax in the world as that which our communists have devised. The exemptions made by European laws are so small that the burden of an income tax falls practically upon all. The tax provided for in this tariff bill imposes all its burdens upon the well-to-do. Even if any income tax could be justified, if it did not mean a tax on honesty, unconstitutional as well as unjust, this particular income tax is rank communism, and its inclusion in the tariff bill is a cowardly and

dishonest surrender to the Populists—cowardly and dishonest because its supporters did not dare trust it to Congress on its own merits, but by tacking it to the bill which the Democratic party is pledged to pass hoped to compel votes in its favor that it could not possibly secure if it stood alone. In doing this, the Democrats who are responsible for it preferred the support of the Populists to that of the sound and conservative voters of the country, preferred the rabble that is swelling the ranks of the COXEY armies to the thrifty and industrious who make American citizenship honorable, and by this surrender to the baser elements of the country they have endangered the passage of the tariff bill.

In the Senate McKinleyism has prevented the party from redeeming its pledges. The sugar trust sat in the committee-room, and forced the Democratic members of the Finance Committee to yield to it on pain of losing Democratic votes. Even now the trust's influence is felt in the Senate, and if it can it will retain the protection it enjoys under the McKINLEY law. There is no objection to a tax on raw sugar. For revenue purposes it is infinitely better than an income tax; but it should be levied chiefly on raw sugar, and only for purposes of revenue. The evil of the sugar tax as it is proposed in the Senate bill is that it affords unnecessary protection to the trust, and was made the basis for deals, under which Senators BRICE, GORMAN, WHITE, CAFFERY, McPHERSON, SMITH, MORGAN, CAMDEN, FAULKNER, PUGH, GIBSON, HILL, and MURPHY secured special privileges for the industries in which they were interested. And some of these industries were not industries in which the constituents of the so-called "conservatives" were interested, but in which the Senators themselves had a direct pecuniary stake. Rates were advanced; coal and iron ore were taken from the free list; taxes on glass and pottery were increased; the tax which the House established on steel rails was prohibitory, but the Senate committee made it higher; collars and cuffs were "taken care of," in response to the pleadings and wailings of Mr. MURPHY. The revenue-reformers in the Senate were forced to listen to the voice of McKinleyism in their party.

Primarily the Southern and Western Representatives in the House who yielded to Populism and the McKINLEY Democrats in the Senate are responsible for this poor half-performance of the party's promise to reform the tariff. Wretched travesty as it is, weighted with its communistic incubus in the form of an income tax, it is threatened with defeat by the McKINLEY Democrats, because, forsooth, it is a too radical attack upon protected industries. For the existence and power of these sentiments and these people within its organization the Democratic party is responsible, for it has for years placed shifty compromise above sturdy honesty and sincere devotion to principle. It must secure new leaders and a higher courage if it is ever to regain the confidence of the country.

THE ARMY OF THE COMMONWEAL.

A FEW weeks ago one COXEY, a farmer and horse-dealer, of Massillon, Ohio, sent private circulars to many representatives of industrial discontent in various sections of the country, inviting co-operation in organizing a grand movement of unemployed laborers upon Congress. His plan was to gather these men in thousands, on May 1st, at the doors of the Capitol, to press upon Congress the demand for legislation by which all laboring-men not now at work shall be engaged in making roads, and paid by the municipal governments with funds advanced by the nation. For this purpose greenbacks should be issued to the local authorities, in exchange for bonds to be repaid in ten or more years without interest. Out of this crude and absurd project has grown the "commonweal" movement, with the exaggerated and alarming reports which have filled the daily press for many days, until some timid folk are almost persuaded that the republic is in danger of mob-rule, and that society is on the brink of a revolution. "Armies" of idle men, with some shadow of military organization, have been formed in many places, mainly in the Northwestern States and on the Pacific coast, and are reported to be advancing towards Washington, with a vast amount of chatter about plans for making everybody comfortable by law, and with some threats of dire consequences if their demands are resisted.

The reports published of their doings are confused, and often contradictory, so that the essential facts of the movement are not quite clear. To understand it fully, we must know the extent of the "armies," the character of their members, and the real aims of their leaders. So far as definite information can be obtained, the actual number of men now on the march is less than six thousand. A few leaders are known at their homes as local politicians or demagogues. Large numbers of the privates are working-men out of employment or on strike, and the rest are mere tramps, with a liberal sprinkling of adventurers and criminals. The motives which govern their enterprise are doubtless as varied as their characters. A very few are religious fanatics. Some hundreds are social enthusiasts. The majority have enlisted as a vague expression of discontent. The thieves and vagabonds seem to be in a small minority as yet in every division; but in their vagrant career pilgrims who have either moral sense or intelligence necessarily fall away, while the lawless and fanatical elements take command. A rapid degeneracy in the average character of the bands and an increasing disposition to disorder are noted from day to day.

It is clear that these bodies are actuated by no common purpose. No authoritative declaration of principles has been made in their behalf, and the original programme of COXEY has fallen largely out of sight. The talk of the leaders has become mostly a vague denunciation of capitalists and corporations, with hints at a redistribution of property. Their plans of operation are as crude and vague as their doctrines. Beyond the general notion that their mission is to get to Washington as soon as possible, they have no method in their movements. What is to be done there, none can say. The several divisions of the army are scattered in widely separated regions, and no time is fixed for meeting, nor can they possibly reach the capital together. Were they all arrayed before the doors of the Houses of Congress to-day, the practical result would be a large addition to the idleness and pauperism of Washington. The problem presented would be, how can the city get rid of the vagrant mob? nor could any sane public man think of discussing finance or national policy with the visitors until this problem were solved.

In short, the entire enterprise of COXEY and his imitators is foolish. It has no element of respectability, moral, intellectual, or material. Its chief support is in the newspaper reports, which magnify the number of recruits, describe great additional armies which are always about to be formed, and gratify petty seekers after notoriety by recording their silly deeds and words. We refuse to see in this movement the evidence of profound and widespread discontent with our institutions and with our social organization. It bears no mark of popular inspiration, represents no cause, and engages no real enthusiasm. Until the "army" is dispersed there will be danger of disorders wherever its divisions move, and perhaps the police of the capital may have their hands full of work for a month to come. But we believe that the sham crusade has already culminated, and that from this time the ridiculous aspects of it will rapidly come into prominence, while its alarming features disappear. It will probably be remembered a year hence chiefly as having afforded an occasion for certain Senators of the United States to disgrace their seats and the nation by a display of demagogism unparalleled in our history.

THE INCOME TAX AGAIN.

THE ideal—the real; what we should like, and what we can get; what would be good with perfect laws and perfect men, and what is attainable with human nature and governments as they are—these are the contrasts that the discussion of the income tax must force on every thoughtful observer. Political speculators have theorized for centuries about the equity of a tax which all should pay in proportion to their incomes. The hard experience of generations of fiscal history among all civilized communities shows that no tax, unless it be our confessedly impotent personal property tax, is so difficult to collect fairly and justly, is so likely to lead to fraud and to discrimination, is so certain to arouse odium among the tax-payers, as the income tax.

The income tax, we are often told, is an established feature in the tax systems of countries like England and Germany. So it is; and it is also the feature in their tax systems which gives most trouble, and arouses most irritation and hostility. These countries have the blessing of a permanent and well-organized civil service, in which the assessors and collectors are appointed, as all administrative officers of every sort ought to be appointed, on permanent tenures, and so with long experience of their duties. Even there the income tax is habitually underestimated and undercollected; it gives a premium on fraud and dishonesty; it is the most troublesome part of the entire tax system. In Germany, where the civil service has reached a high degree of perfection, and where at the same time bureaucratic officials have a kind of power which an American community would not tolerate, there have been of late notorious scandals from the inequality and corruption in the assessment of the local income taxes. If these are the experiences of countries where the central government regularly derives a large revenue from direct taxes, and where the administrative machinery has reached a stage which our barbaric spoils system makes unattainable for a long space in the future, what is likely to be our experience? Consider how our internal revenue collectors and deputy collectors are appointed, how the patronage is put into the hands of this Senator or that political boss; consider then the enormously difficult and delicate duties which these officers will have to perform in the assessment and collection of the income tax, and can any sane person expect any but unjust and iniquitous results? Will the millionaire who is in close touch with the ruling boss, and is the power behind the throne in local and national politics, be assessed on his full income? Will the rich man whose income is derived from multiplied sources, whose gains no one can guess at, be reached by officers such as ours? True it is that those who have made permanent investments, whose income is derived from regular interests or dividends on securities, will be reached with certainty. But here we have simply an undisguised anomaly and injustice in the proposed income tax. Corporations are to deduct from their interest and dividend payments the amount of the income tax, and are to pay the tax directly to the government. The alleged theory of the proposed income tax is that it shall be levied only on incomes over $4000; but in practice every income whatsoever, derived in a regular way from corporate investments, must pay the tax. The incomes on the small savings of hundreds of thousands of persons in all parts of the country will not fail to be reached; but those large incomes which are in the making—the income of the rich man, derived from miscellaneous sources—may or may not be reached, and probably not.

The essence of just taxation is equality and certainty. The essence of the income tax will be inequality and uncertainty. We have only to go back to the experience of the war income tax to be certain of its working. During the war itself, when the whole Northern community was enthusiastic for the support of the Union, and when the income tax, like the other burdensome internal taxes, was regarded as an extreme measure called for by a great national emergency, it was probably paid with a decent degree of regularity. But it is certain that after the war, when every-day conditions began to be restored, it was a most unjust, unequal, and oppressive tax. It was inevitably the most unpopular tax—unpopular not only because every direct tax is irksome, but because no man knew what his neighbor was paying, and every man suspected that his neighbor succeeded in evading the tax. It taxed the honest and conscientious, and gave a premium and an excuse to false swearing. Its administration was sometimes scandalously corrupt, and always hopelessly inefficient.

The same results will ensue if the proposed income tax goes into effect. It will be evaded in every possible direction. It will be felt by the honest and by those possessing moderate fixed incomes from certain sources; it will be evaded by the rich, the influential, and the dishonest. It is safe to predict that it will be repealed within a few years. It will arouse hateful sectional antagonism and hateful social prejudice. It will deprive the Democratic party of the allegiance of those who have been attracted to it by its efforts at real reform in tariff taxation. It is unjust and impolitic. Let it be dropped before the last step in legislation is taken.

THE DOLLAR AND ECONOMY.

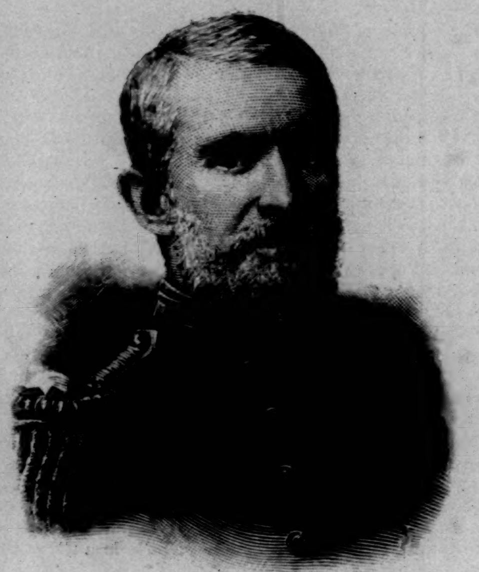
IT is conceded by everybody that the dollar has seldom been so shy as it is at the present time. It is almost impossible for any but the most skilful sportsman so much as to approach it in flocks of any respectable size, and the ordinary dollar-hunter finds it exceedingly difficult to come up on even single individuals. They are sighted to a certain extent by all, but when one attempts to creep up on them, suddenly — pop — they're gone! More dollars, single and in coveys, have probably whirred away from enthusiastic hunters, both amateur and professional, during the past few months than perhaps ever before in a similar length of time.

There seems to be great difference of opinion as to the precise reason for the present difficulty in bagging dollars. There must be, we suppose, as many dollars in the country as there were, say, a year ago, but they have become so much more timid that they seem to remain in the most secluded and inaccessible neighborhoods; and they take flight at the slightest noise of the approaching hunter. Possibly they have been hunted too much during the past few years; possibly the dollar, as with other varieties of game, when pressed too closely on all sides, especially by professional hunters, becomes wild and keeps itself constantly on the alert. This is, perhaps, a good thing, since it may save it from extermination—a state of affairs too hideous to be contemplated with equanimity by any healthy mind.

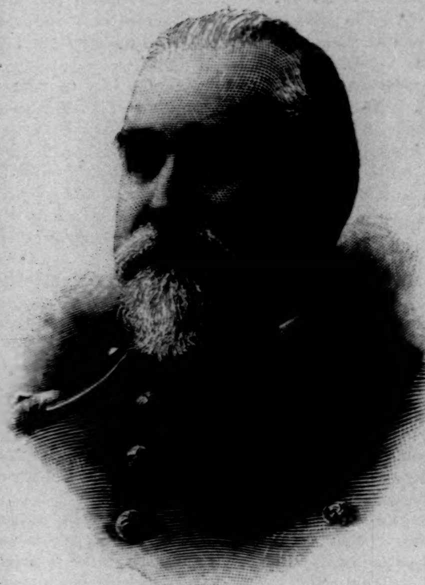
The dollar, never a familiar creature, has now become so illusive as to make it an exceedingly serious matter. We are told by one set of editorial writers that every man should economize to his utmost. Another set assures the public that, on the contrary, every man should live right up to his income, so as to keep money in circulation and give employment to as many people as possible. In the one case a man would discharge the servant-girl, and in the other he would borrow a baby, if not fortunately provided with one, and hire a nurse to take care of it. But either of these moves might savor of going to extremes, and wisdom may lie in the happy medium. And this view suggests the question, Why is not this a good time for a man's wife to practise strict economy, while he keeps up his usual judicious expenditures?

Of course woman knows nothing of the proper use of money. Those doubting the truth of this are referred to any convenient convocation of married men. Indeed, it could not be fairly referred elsewhere, as unmarried men, of course, know nothing about it, and the women themselves are prejudiced. But the married man is both experienced and impartial, and, withal, a noble creature, suffering deeply, but in pathetic silence. Man is naturally economical whether or not times are hard. Take, for instance, the one item of tobacco; physicians seem to be agreed that man really ought to smoke all the while, or, at least, all the while he is out of bed; and Sir Harold Ponsonby-Chiltern, the eminent English practitioner, says that a mild cigar after retiring and another before rising in the morning is no bad thing for the constitution; the doctors say, we repeat, that man ought to smoke pretty constantly if he would be happy; yet see how many men get along for years on three or four or perhaps half a dozen cigars a day, simply that their wives may have more money to spend on all sorts of foolish things.

There are, of course, many other things with respect to which man shows the same rigid economy and stringent self-denial that he does in the case of tobacco, but we need not stop to dwell upon them at this time; we have said enough to show that woman has constantly before her a glowing and iridescent example of economy in the person of her husband, and that now, in this hour of financial darkness, she ought to come to his aid by practising his frugal ways and abstemious habits. Man economizes all he ought to even when times are good; now woman must do her share. We do not believe that anybody, even Mrs. LEASE, is prepared to see men who ought to smoke a dozen cigars a day reduced to a pitiful three or four, or perhaps endure the lingering agonies of none at all.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN IRWIN, U. S. N., RETIRED.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOSEPH S. SKERRETT, U. S. N. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRICE, WASHINGTON.

THE HON. THOMAS J. JARVIS, SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 415.]

THE NAVAL CHANGES.

THE announcement this week of the retirement of Admiral Irwin, and the consequent promotion of Commodore Skerrett to the highest grade of our naval service, following so closely upon the like announcement with respect to Admiral Benham and Admiral Ramsay, whose portraits were given in last week's WEEKLY, gives point and "actuality" to the current criticisms of our system of naval promotion. The critics say, with much plausibility, that old men are, in the nature of the case, not reformers; they say, further, that under the existing system not only must a man be past the active period of life before he can attain a rank in the navy that enables him to speak with influence and authority, but when he does attain that rank his remaining service must be too short to allow him to exert his influence for the improvement of the navy. They point to the British system, under which promotion by selection is so interspersed as to relieve promotion by seniority, and a young Admiral, or at least an Admiral whose days of professional activity and professional ambition are not over, becomes possible, while the "old shell-barks" are equally taken care of, and vegetate at the public expense in an honored retirement, from which they emerge only to express in magazine articles and otherwise the opinions familiar to the reader of Marryat's novels about the direction in which the service is tending.

Far be it from us to take any part in the discussion of a question which is an extremely burning question in the navy itself, and with which many ward-rooms are even now resounding. The critics of the system will readily seize upon the chance offered to them by these promotions. All four of the officers concerned are gallant and meritorious seamen whose service has been distinguished otherwise than by length, and who are in such mental and bodily vigor that but for the compulsory retirement provided by law they might continue to do good service for many years to come in any department in which experience was more valuable than initiative. Nevertheless, Admiral Ramsay, who was promoted by the retirement of Admiral Benham, has but three years to serve in his new rank, and that, as promotion goes, is an unusually long service. Admiral Skerrett, who succeeds Admiral Irwin on the list, has but nine months of the enjoyment of Admiralty in store, since he will be retired in January, 1895. This is obviously too short a term to enable an ambitious officer to put into practice, within his own sphere and the limits allowed by the naval regulations, any reforms of the necessity of which his experience may have convinced him.

Rear-Admiral John Irwin was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the year 1832, and was appointed a Midshipman in the navy on the 9th of September, 1847. Having passed successively through all the intervening grades, he was commissioned Rear-Admiral on the 9th of May, 1891. He has passed twenty-three years of his life in active sea-service, and seventeen years on shore or other duty. During the war of the rebellion he served continually, with great distinction, in the South Atlantic squadron. Part of the time he was executive officer of the steam-frigate *Wabash*, bearing the flag of Admiral Dupont, and he afterwards commanded several vessels of the blockading fleet, being present and giving great assistance in all the actions and operations of the army and navy on the Atlantic coast. He was remarked and commended for cool courage, correct judgment, sturdy persistency in the line of his duty, and earnest study of his profession. Although known to the navy as a rigid disciplinarian, his manners and bearing were gentle and winning, and he won the confidence of his superiors as well as of the officers and men under his command.

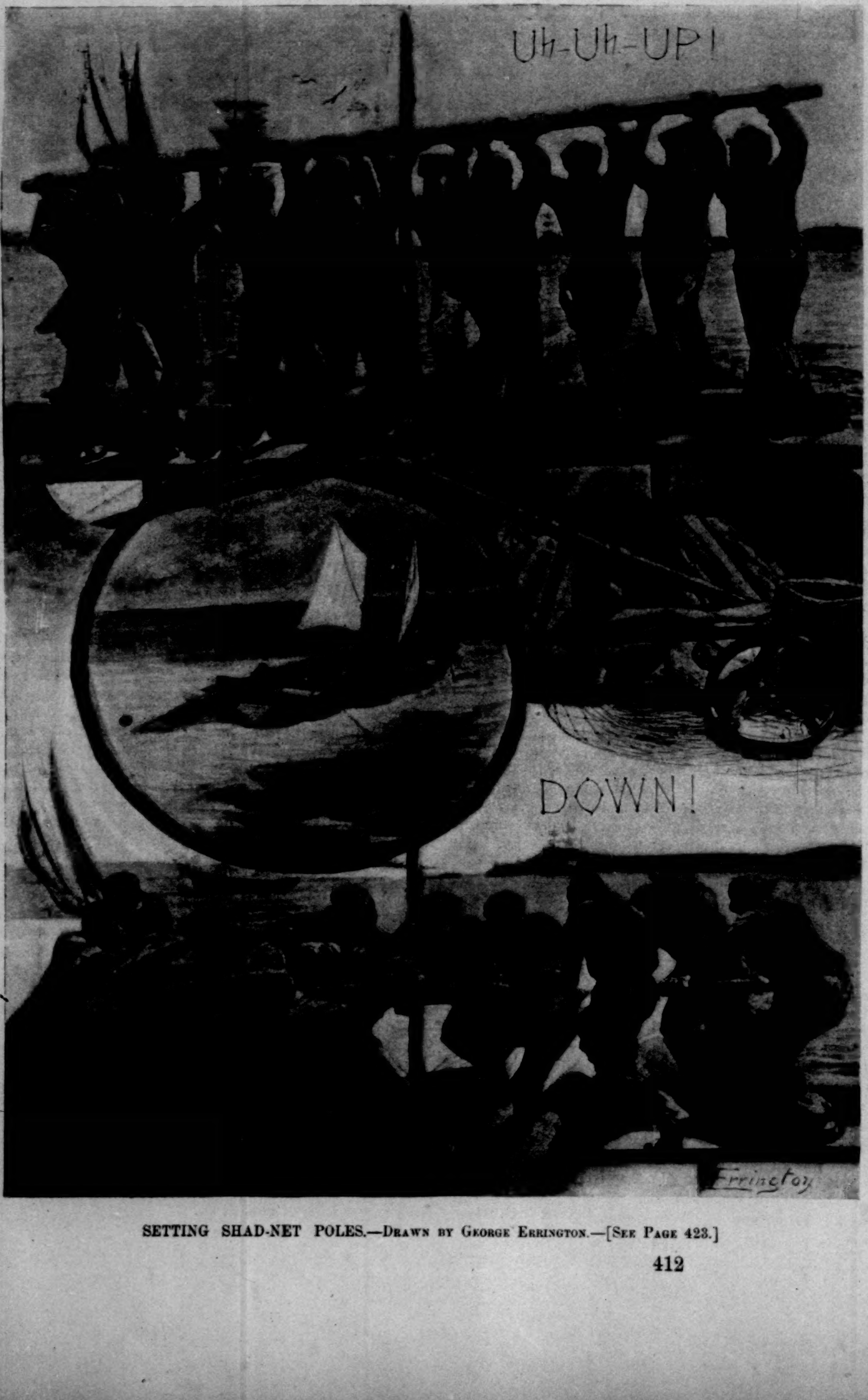
Under the rigid laws that govern the retirement of naval officers he has retired from active service at a time when many years should be still left to him, which could be usefully devoted to his country's service.

As Commander-in-chief of the Pacific squadron he has recently taken a prominent part in the perplexing questions attending the solution of the Hawaiian difficulties, and has been brought to the notice of the present generation as an officer of merit and capacity, whose judgment could be relied upon at all times.

With the change of policy in respect to Hawaiian affairs that was determined upon and carried out by the present administration, it would have been awkward to retain in the command of our naval force in Pacific waters an officer who was necessarily identified with the enforcement of the discarded policy. For that reason, and without any imputation upon his predecessor, Admiral Irwin was detailed to the command of the Pacific squadron, in which capacity he served up to the day of his retirement, hauling down his flag April 16th, on the *Philadelphia*, in the harbor of Honolulu. The coincidence has been noted that Admiral Benham and Admiral Irwin, after forty-seven years of service, should have hauled down their respective flags within a week of each other while in command of foreign stations.

Joseph Salathiel Skerrett, who succeeds to the vacancy on the list of Rear-Admirals created by the retirement of Admiral Irwin, has the distinction of a longer active service on sea and shore duty than any other of the Commodores. Admiral Skerrett was appointed a Midshipman from Ohio, October 12, 1848, and his commission as Commodore bears date August 4, 1889.

Commodore Skerrett served with distinction throughout the civil war, and the extent and activity of his total service are shown by the records of the Navy Department, in which he is credited with twenty years and ten months of sea duty, and twenty years and eleven months of shore duty, having been unemployed during the whole period of his service but two years and a half.



SETTING SHAD-NET POLES.—DRAWN BY GEORGE ERRINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 423.]

JESSE SELIGMAN.

JESSE SELIGMAN, of the banking firm of J. & W. Seligman, died in California on the 23d of April. At the head of one of the largest financial houses in the United States, controlling vast interests, it was not merely for his ability as a financier that Jesse Seligman was known, but for his patriotism and philanthropy. It was during and after the civil war that Jesse Seligman, with his brothers, entered heart and soul into the financial policy of the United States. He upheld the credit of the country, and became the trusted adviser of many of the Secretaries of the Treasury. It was mainly through the efforts of Jesse Seligman that heavy amounts of bonds were placed in Europe. Never for a moment, despite adverse criticisms, did he question the financial soundness of his country. Jesse Seligman was endowed with the highest qualities of a financier—quickness of perception, untiring energy, and, above all, an unimpeachable integrity. Probably no government in its financial business placed such implicit confidence in any one man as ours had in Jesse Seligman. Always a Republican, he had the entire respect of those who differed from him in politics, for he was known to be imbued with honest convictions. One endearing trait was his respect for the opinions of others not in consonance with his own. Those who knew him well say that they never heard fall from his lips one word colored with prejudice. He found the good qualities of those he met in life, and forgot or overlooked their faults.

To his public and private charities Jesse Seligman devoted all his leisure. His was practical benevolence developed to its utmost extent. Taking an orphan asylum which twenty-five years ago had but a dozen or so of inmates, through his care and munificence it now houses 600 children. He was a member of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and many other institutions, charitable, scientific, and literary.

Jesse Seligman was born in Bavaria in 1827, and came to the United States in 1841. Though a lad of but fourteen, he was well educated. Going to Mobile, he entered into business. Associated with his brothers, who were his seniors, some little money was made. Jesse, coming North, opened a small dry-goods shop in Watertown, New York, and there, it is said, he became first acquainted with General Grant, who was then a Lieutenant. In 1850 Jesse Seligman went to California, and there the foundation of the fortunes of the Seligmans had its commencement. The community there at once appreciated the young man's ability and courage. He became one of the members of the Vigilance Committee, and later, in 1856, took a leading part as one of the Committee of Forty in the selection of an honest city government for San Francisco. In 1857 Mr. Jesse Seligman came to New York and established himself permanently. The San Francisco house was represented by him. Shortly after, associated with his brothers, the banking-house was founded. In 1891, on the occasion of a public dinner, on being urged to give some account of his successful career, Mr. Seligman said:

"I had the good fortune to become a citizen of this great republic, under whose beneficent laws the poor and the rich, irrespective of race or creed, have equal opportunities of education and material prosperity. I have always endeavored to extract something good rather than evil from everything that has come before me."

JESSE SELIGMAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

ALPHA CENTAURI.

LET us consider the latest news from Alpha Centauri, which is 25,000,000,000,000 miles away. It is a double-star, and is the nearest in the universe. It weighs twice as much as the sun. To the naked eye it appears as a single bright star, but with a telescope one can see the two stars composing it. One of them is seven or eight times as bright as the other. But the little star is evidently as heavy as the big one, for they slowly circle, keeping one another at arm's-length, around a point half-way between them. Astronomers have long known these facts, but lately they have extended and rectified their knowledge about Alpha Centauri. It now appears that the period in which those twin stars revolve around one another is eighty-one years—half the time required by the planet Neptune to go around the sun. Their orbit is very eccentric; they close to within a distance of 1,000,000,000 miles apart, and then swing away from one another until they are separated by 3,340,000,000 miles. It must be remembered that this is the extraordinary conduct not of a pair of celestial sparks, but of two immense suns. When a little planet like the earth goes round a gigantic orb like the sun the thing is quite simple; the planet does the travelling, and the sun, hardly feeling the tiny pull of its prisoner, stands practically still with respect to it. But when, as with Alpha Centauri, it is a case of sun swinging sun, things are very different. There is no standing still, nor anything resembling it, with this bright pair.

It is possible that those two suns, whose gyrations command the admiration and test the skill of astronomers gazing upon them from a distant quarter of the universe, may once have been strangers, moving, as it is known that our sun is doing, each along its own track through space. Having approached too closely, they might in such circumstances become irrevocably bound together by their mutual attractions. But it is far more probable that they were formed from one original mass of primeval matter, as the four stars grouped in the middle of the Orion nebula have evidently been shaped by the creative forces still in action around them.

In either case, what of the worlds belonging to the suns of Alpha Centauri? Astronomy furnishes no direct proof that worlds, planets like ours, exist there, and it furnishes no proof that they do not exist; but it does prove that the law of gravitation is obeyed there, and that consequently on a world having the same mass as the earth has a man would weigh just as much in the Alpha Centauri system as he does in the solar system. Astronomy proves also that the light of Alpha Centauri resembles the light of the sun. Has it not the same vivific force also? We know how the sunbeams clothe the earth with life.

What a picture is presented to the imagination if we choose to suppose that such worlds exist! Under the dominion of two equally powerful suns the orbit that such a world would travel in could not be a smooth elliptical track, but it might be a labyrinthine marvel. Now around one of the twin suns, and now around the other, it might go whirling. Suppose it to be situated so close to one of the suns that its centre of revolution was never changed to the other, and imagine the alternation of conditions affecting its inhabitants, as, in company with its solar master, it first retreats more than three thousand million miles from their blazing neighbor, and then, turning, rushes back, until the glare and gush of the light and heat of that other sun pouring upon it are increased to a tenfold intensity.

But even if one cannot reconcile the situation of things in the system of Alpha Centauri with his conceptions of the requirements of habitable worlds, his mind must be impressed with the spectacle presented by so vast an expenditure of physical energy as those coupled suns display—an expenditure periodically intensified, it may be, by their tidal reaction as they strain in the leash of gravitation. Our own sun, imperturbed by the presence of an enormous neighbor, is very differently occupied, making the grass grow and all life flourish contentedly on its little family of worlds. But perhaps we flatter ourselves when we complacently conclude that the sun is in better business than Alpha Centauri.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THE BARYE MONUMENT, PARIS.

THE BARYE MONUMENT.

ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE was born in Paris September 24, 1796, and died June 25, 1875.

At thirteen years of age he was apprenticed to an engraver named Fourier, where he exhibited unusual ability, developing a decided taste for the representation of animals. Much of his leisure time then is said to have been spent at the Jardin des Plantes, studying the different wild animals there in their various poses, moods, and habits.

When sixteen years of age he was conscripted, and for two years did military service, after which he returned to his trade as engraver; but he aspired to become a sculptor, and with that object in view he entered the studios, first of Bosio, afterwards of Gros.

The necessities of living compelled him during this time, even until 1830, to work for the jeweller Fauconnier, where he produced some marvellous things, greatly enhancing the reputation of his employer.

He studied the books of Buffon, Lacépède, and Cuvier, and was a faithful attendant of the lectures given at the Jardin des Plantes; he followed studiously all the courses of anatomy, studied industriously the history of art, learned the operations required in casting metals, and assiduously strove to qualify himself for the successful prosecution of his chosen profession.

At the exposition of 1831 Barye exhibited his group of a "Tiger devouring a Crocodile," which was the great event of the Salon.

Although he at once gained many enthusiastic admirers, a much larger number ridiculed his innovations of the accepted rules of academic sculpture. In 1833 he exhibited at the Louvre a model of his first monumental work, the "Lion and Serpent," which was purchased by the French government, cast in bronze by Honoré Gonou, and placed in the Tuileries Garden, where it now stands.

A plaster cast of this magnificent work was in 1889 presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by the French government. From this time until his death he followed his profession industriously and conscientiously, producing in all about 300 original works in bronze, and a large number of water-color drawings, a few paintings in oil, and innumerable sketches and studies made in the prosecution of his work.

He was a close friend of Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Rousseau, and Français, and spent much of his leisure time with them at Fontainebleau, where he found appropriate settings for his pictures of animals.

To Mr. G. A. Lucas, we believe, should be given the credit of suggesting that a monument be erected to his memory, and a committee was named in Paris, with M. Eugène Guillaume as president. Subscriptions in money were solicited, and an exhibition of Barye's works was opened at the École des Beaux-Arts, in May, 1889, for the purpose of providing funds for the purpose.

Barye's friends in America—and the Americans, by-the-way, were among the earliest to recognize his great talent—were invited to co-operate, and in furtherance of the object an exhibition of his works was held in this city, opening at the galleries of the American Art Association on the 15th of November, 1889, with W. T. Walters, Esq., of Baltimore as president.

Mr. Walters, it may be said, was one of the earliest appreciators of Barye. It was he who was instrumental in procuring for the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington a complete collection of Barye's bronzes. Supplementing the exhibition of Barye's works in bronze, water-colors, and oil-paintings, was a collection of the works of his friends and contemporaries—Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, Daubigny, Dupré, Diaz, Delacroix, Decamps, and Gericault, making one of the most notable exhibitions of important works by these artists ever held in this country.

The result of this exhibition and the contributions in money made by Americans furnished much the larger portion of the sum required for the erection of the monument, which is now completed, and is to be unveiled during the month of June next. The monument is situated at the end of the Isle St. Louis, which is crossed by the Sully Bridge that unites the Boulevard Henry IV. with the Boulevard St. Germain. From the site, Barye's house, No. 4 Quai des Celestines, the Bastile Monument, on the pedestal of which is the sculpture in relief of a lion by Barye, and the Jardin des Plantes, where he so diligently studied animals, are distinctly visible.

The monument is the work of MM. Bernier, architect, and Barrios, sculptor, and is composed of a pedestal of granite about sixteen feet high, surmounted by a reproduction in bronze of "Theseus Conquering the Centaur," double the size of the original, which is in the museum of Puy. On each side of the pedestal, on a surbase of marble six feet six inches high, is an allegorical group, "Order and Force Crushing Anarchy," also reproductions of Barye's work. In front is a reproduction in bronze of his magnificent group, the "Lion and Serpent," the original of which is in the garden of the Tuileries.

In the pedestal is a medallion in relief of Barye, also in bronze, an original work by M. Marqueste. On the opposite side of the pedestal is engraved in the stone an inscription giving the name, date of birth and death of the artist, and reciting that the monument is erected by his friends and admirers in France and America.

Mr. Lucas writes that Bonnat, the artist, who is himself a great admirer of Barye, and possesses one of the choicest collections of his works in Paris, says, "It is one of the finest and most original monuments in Paris"; and for himself, Mr. Lucas says, "After all the trouble I have taken, and all the care I have given to it on account of Barye's American friends, I am happy to say I am quite satisfied."

The many friends and admirers of Barye in this country, who so generously contributed to the construction of this beautiful monument, will be gratified to know that the work has been so successfully accomplished, and will doubtless be glad to see the representation of it herewith produced.

CYRUS J. LAWRENCE,
Vice-President of the Barye Monument Association.

(*Continued from front page.*)

house, weather-boards and beams cracked; without, twigs snapped and branches crashed; at times Billy heard reports as loud as pistol-shots. One of these shots meant the bursting of the wash-basin on the bedroom bench, Matt having forgotten to empty its contents, which had expanded into ice.

Matt curled himself up more comfortably and almost covered his face with the blanket, for the cold in the stoveless attic was acute. In the gray half-light the rough beams and the quilts glistened with frozen breaths. The little square window-panes were thickly frosted, and below the crumbling rime was a thin layer of ice left from the day before, solid up to the sashes, and leaving no infinitesimal dot of clear glass, for there was nothing to thaw it except such heat as might radiate through the bricks of the square chimney that came all the way from the cellar through the centre of the flooring to pop its head through the shingled roof.

"Matt!" Billy was nudging his brother in the ribs again.

"Hullo!" grumbled the boy.

"That air ain't the frost. Hark!"

"'Tis, I tell ye. Don't you hear the pop, pop, pop?"

"Not that; t'other downstairs."

"Oh, that's the wind, I reckon."

"No; it's some 'un screamin'!"

Matt raised himself on his elbow, and listened.

"Why, you gooney, it's on'y mother," he said, reassuringly, and snuggled up again between the blankets.

The winter, though yet young, had already achieved a reputation. Blustrous north winds had driven inland, felling the trees like lumbermen. In the Annapolis Basin myriads of herrings, surprised by Jack Frost before their migratory instinct awoke, had been found frozen in the weirs, and the great salt tides overflowing the high dykes had been congealed into a chocolate sea that, when the liquid water beneath ran back through the sluices, lay solid on the marshes. By the shores of the Basin of Minas sea-birds flapped ghostlike over amber ice-cakes, whose mud streaks under the kiss of the sun blushed like dragon's blood.

Snow had fallen heavily, whitening the "evergreen" hemlocks, and through the shapeless landscape half-buried oxen had toiled to clear the blurred roads bordered by snowdrifts, till the three familiar tracts of hoofs and sleigh runners came in sight again. The stage to Truro ploughed its way along with only dead freight on its roof and a furred animal or two, vaguely human, shivering inside. Sometimes the mail had to travel by horse, and sometimes it altogether disappointed Billy and his brothers and sisters of the excitement of its passage, for the stage road ran by the small clearing in the centre of which their house and barn had been built—a primitive gabled house, like a Noah's ark, ugliness unadorned, and a cheap log barn of the "lean-to" type, with its cracks corked with moss, and a roof of slabs.

Jack Frost might stop the mail, but he could not stop the gayeties of the season. "Wooden frolics" and quilting parties and candy pullings and Baptist revival meetings had been as frequent as ever, and part of Matt's enjoyment of his couch was a delicious sense of oversleeping himself legitimately, for even his mother could hardly expect him to build the fire at five when he had only returned from Deacon Hailey's "muddin' frolic" at two. He saw himself coasting down the white slopes in his hand-sled, watching the wavering radiance of the Northern Lights that paled the moon and the stars, and wishing his mother would not spoil the after-glow of the night's pleasure and the poetic silence of the woods by grumbling about his grown-up sister Harriet, who had deserted them for an earlier escort home. He felt himself well rewarded for his afternoon's labor in loading marsh mud for the top dressing of Deacon Hailey's fields; and a sudden remembrance of how his mother had been rewarded for helping Mrs. Hailey to prepare the feast made him nudge Billy in his turn.

"Cheer up, Billy—we've brought back a basket o' goodies."

"It's gettin' worst," said Billy. "Hark!"

Matt mumbled impatiently, and redirected his thoughts to the "muddin' frolic." The images of the night swept before him with almost the vividness of actuality, he lost himself in memories as though they were realities, and every now and then a dash of sleep streaked these waking visions with the fantasy of dream.

"My, how the fiddle shrieks!" runs the boy's thought. "Why don't ole Jupe do his tunin' to home, the pesky nigger? We're all waitin' for the reel—the 'fours' are all made up—Ruth Hailey and me have took the floor. Ruth looks jest great with that white frock an' the pink sash, thet's a fact. Hooray! 'The Devil among the Tailors!' La, lalla, lalla, lalla, lalla, flip-flop!" He hears the big winter top-boots thwack the threshing-floor. Keep it up! Whoop! Faster! Ever faster! Oh, the joy of life!

Now he is swinging Ruth in his arms. Oh, the merry-go-round! The long rows of candles pinned by forks to the barn walls are guttering in the wind of their movement; the horses tied to their mangers neigh in excitement; from between their stanchions the mild-eyed cows gaze at the dancers, perking their naïve noses and tranquilly chewing the cud. A bat, thawed out of his winter nap by the heat of the temporary stove, flutters drowsily about the candles; and the odors of the stable and of the packed hay mingle with the scents of the ballroom. Matt's exhaustive eye, though never long off pretty Ruth's face, takes in even the grains of wheat that gild many a tousled head of swain or lass as the shaking of the beams dislodges the unthreshed kernels in the mow under the eaves, and, keener even than the eye of his collie, Sprat, notes the mice dart from their holes to seize the fallen drops of tallow. But perhaps Sprat is only lazy, for he will not vacate his comfortable snuggery under the stove, though he has to shift his carcase incessantly to escape the jets of tobacco juice constantly squirted in his direction. It serves him right, thinks his young master, for persisting in coming, though for the matter of that the creature, having superintended the mud-hauling, has more right to be present than Bully Preep. "Wonder why sister Harriet lets him dance with her so of'n!" his dream goes on. "What kin she see in the skunk, fur lan' sakes? I told her 'bout the way he bullyragged me when he was boss o' the school and I was a teeny shaver. But she don't seem to care a snap. Girls are queer critters, thet's a fact. He used to put a chip on my shoulder, an' egged the fellers on to flick it off. But, gosh! didn't I hit him a lick when he pulled little Ruth's hair? He'd a black eye, thet's a fact, though he give me two, an' mother an' teacher 'ud 'a' give me one more apiece, but there weren't no more left. I took it out in picters, though, I guess. My! didn't ole McTavit's face jest look reedic'lous when he discovered Bully Preep in the fly-leaf of every readin'-book! Thet's jest how mother is glarin' at Harriet this moment. Pop! pop! pop! What a lot o' ginger-beer an' spruce-beer Deacon Hailey is openin'! Pop! pop! pop! He don't seem to notice them air black bottles o' rum. He's 'tarnal cute is ole Hey. Seems like he's talkin' to mother. Wonder how she can understand him! He allus talks as if his mouth was full o' words—but it's only tobacco, I reckon. Pop! pop! pop! Thet's what I allus hear him say, windin' up with a 'Hey'—an' it does rile me some to refuse pie not knowin' he's invitin' me to anything but hay. I 'spect mother has heerd him talk considerable, just as I've heerd the jays an' the woodpeckers, though she can't tell one from t'other, I vow, through bein' raised at Halifax. Thunderation! Thet's never her dancin' with ole Hey! My stars, what 'll her elders say? Well, I wow! She *is* backslidin'. Ah, she recollecks! She pulls up; her face is like a beet. Ole Hey is argufyin', but she hangs back in her traces. I reckon she kinder thinks she's kicked over the dash-board this time. Ah, he's gone and taken Harriet for a pardner instead; he'll like her better, I calc'late. By gum! He's kickin' up his heels like a colt when it fust feels the crupper. I do declare Marm Hailey is lookin' pesky ugly about it. She's a mighty handsome critter, anyways. Pity she can't wear her hat with the black feather in-doors—she does look jest spliffin' when she drives her horses through the snow. Whoop! Keep it up! Sling it out, ole Jupe! More rosin. Yankey doodle, keep it up, Yankee doodle dandy! Go it, you cripples, I'll hold your crutches! Why, there's Billy dancin' with the crutch I made him! Pop! pop! pop! How his crutch thumps the floor! Poor Billy! Fancy hevin' to hop through life on that air crutch, like a robin on one leg! Or shall I hev to make him a longer one when he's growed up? Mebbe he won't grow up, mebbe he'll allus be the identical same size, and when he's an ole man he'll be the right size again, an' the crutch 'll on'y be a sorter stick. I wish I had a stick to make this darned cow keep quiet—I can't milk her! So! So! Daisy! Ole Jupe's music ain't for four-legged critters to dance to! My, what's that nonsense about a cow? Why, I'm dreamin'. Whoa, there! Give her a tickler in the ribs, Billy. Hullo, look out! here's father come back from sea! Quick, Billy, chuck your crutch in the hay-mow. Kin't you stand straighter nor that? Unkink your leg, or father'll never take you out to be a pirate. Fancy a pirate on a crutch! It was my fault, father, for fixin' up that air fandango, but mother's lambasted me a'ready, an' she wanted to shoot herself. But it don't matter to you, father, you're always away a'most, an' Billy's crutch can't get into your eye like it does into mother's. She was afeared to write to you about it. Thet's only Billy in a fit—you see, Daisy kicked him, and they couldn't fix his leg back proper—it don't fit, so he has fits now an' then. He'll never be a pirate now. Drive the crutch deeper into the ice, Charley; steady there with the long pole. The iron pin goes into the crutch, Billy; don't get off the ashes, you'll slide under the sled. Now, then, is the rope right? Jump on the sled, you girls and fellers! Round with the pole! Whoop! Hooray! Ain't she scootin', jest! Let her rip! Pop! Snap! Geewiglets! The rope's give! Don't jump off, Billy, I tell you; you'll kill yourself! Stick in your toes an' don't yowl; we'll slacken at the dykes. Look at Ruth—*she* don't scream. Thunderation! We're going over into the river! Hold tight, you 'uns! Bang! Smash! We're on the ice-cakes! Is that you that's screamin', Billy? You ain't hurt, I tell you—don't yowl—you gooney—don't—"

But it was not Billy's voice that he heard screaming when the films of sleep really cleared away. The little cripple was nestling close up to him with the same panic-stricken air as when they rode that flying sled together. This time it was impossible to mistake their mother's voice for the wind—it rose clearly in hysterical vituperation.

"And you orter be 'shamed o' yourself, I do declare, goin' home all alone in a sleigh with a young man—in the dead o' night, too!"

"There were more nor ourn on the road, and since Abner Preep was perlite enough—"

"Yes, an' you didn't think o' *me* on the road oncet, I bet! If young Preep wanted to do the perlite, he'd 'a' took *me* in his father's sleigh, not a wholesome young gal."

"But I was tar'd out with dancin' e'ena'most, and you on'y—"

"Don't you talk about *my* dancin', you blabbin' young slummix! Just keep your eye on your Preeps with their bow-legs an' their pigeon-toes."

"His legs is as straight as yourn, anyhow."

"P'raps you'll say that I've got Injun blood next. Look at his round shoulders and his lanky hair—he's a Micmac, thet's what he is. He on'y wants a few baskets and buttertubs to make him look nateral. Ugh! I can smell spruce every time I think on him."

"It's you that hev had too much spruce-beer, *hey?*"

"You sassy minx! Folks hev no right to bring eyesores into the world. I'd rather stab you than see you livin' with Abner Preep. It's a squaw he wants, thet's a fact, not a wife!"

"I'd rather stab myself than go on livin' with *you*."

For a moment or two Matt listened in silent torture. The frequency of these episodes had made him resigned, but not callous. Now Harriet's sobs were added to the horror of the altercation, and Matt fancied he heard a sound of scuffling. He jumped out of bed in an agony of alarm. He pulled on his trousers, caught up his coat, and slipped it on as he flew barefoot down the rough wooden stairs, with his woollen braces dangling behind him.

In the narrow, icy passage at the foot of the stairs, in the bleak light from the row of little crusted panes on either side of the door, he found his mother and sister, their rubber-cased shoes half buried in snow that had drifted in under the door. Mrs. Strang was fully dressed in her "frolickin'" costume; she wore an Astrakhan sacque, reaching to the knees, and a small poke-bonnet, plentifully beribboned, blooming with artificial flowers within and without, and tied under the chin by broad black watered bands. Round her neck was a fringed afghan, or home-knit muffler. She was a tall, dark, voluptuously built woman, with blazing black eyes and handsome features of a somewhat Gallic cast, for she came of old Huguenot stock. She stood now drawing on her gloves in terrible silence, her bosom heaving, her nostrils quivering. Harriet was nearer the door, flushed and panting and sobbing, a well-developed auburn blonde of sixteen, her hair dishevelled, her bodice unhooked, a strange contrast to the other's primness.

"Where are you goin'?" she said, tremulously, as she barred her mother's way with her body.

"I'm goin' to drownd myself," answered her mother, carefully buttoning her right glove.

"Nonsense, mother," broke in Matt. "You kin't go out—it's snowin'."

He brushed past the pair and placed himself with his back to the door, his heart beating painfully. His mother's mad threats were familiar enough, yet they never ceased to terrify. Some day she might really do something desperate. Who knew?

"I'm goin' to drownd myself," repeated Mrs. Strang, carefully buttoning her left glove.

She made a step towards the door, sweeping the limp Harriet roughly behind her.

"You kin't get out," Matt said, firmly. "Why, you hevn't hed breakfast yet."

"What do I want o' breakfus? Your sister is breakfus 'nough for me. Clear out o' the way."

"Don't you let her go, Matt," cried Harriet. "I'll quit instead."

"You!" exclaimed her mother, turning fiercely upon her, while her eyes spat fire. "You are young and wholesome; the world is afore you. You were not brought from a great town to be buried in a wilderness. Marry your Preeps an' your Micmacs, and nurse your papooses. God has cursed me with froward children an' a cripple, an' a husband that goes gallivantin' onchristianly about the world with never a thought for his 'mortal soul, an' the Lord has doomed me to worship Him in the wrong church. Mother yourselves; I throw up the position."

"Is it my fault if father hesn't wrote you lately?" cried Harriet. "Is it my fault if there's no Baptist church to Cobequid village?"

"Shut your mouth, you brazen hussy. You've drove your mother to her death. Stand out o' my way, Matthew; don't you disobey my dyin' reques'."

"I sha'n't," said the boy, squaring his shoulders firmly against the door. "Where kin you drownd yourself? The pond's froze an' the tide's out."

He could think of no other argument for the moment, and he had an incongruous vision of her sliding down to the river on her stomach, as the boys often did, down the steep reddish-brown slopes of greasy mud, or sinking into a squashhole like an errant horse.

"Why, there's only mud-flats," he added.

"I'll wait on the mud-flats for the merciful tide." She fastened her bonnet strings firmly.

"The river is full of ice," he urged.

"There will be room for me," she answered. Then, with a sudden exclamation of dismay: "My God! you've got no shoes and socks on! You'll ketch your death. Go up stairs d'reckly."

"No," replied Matt, becoming conscious for the first time of a cold wave creeping up his spinal marrow. "I'll ketch my death, then." And he sneezed vehemently.

"Put on your shoes an' socks d'reckly, you wretched boy. You know what a bother I hed with you last time."

He shook his head, conscious of a trump card.

"D'ye hear me! Put on your shoes an' socks!"

"Take off your bonnet an' sacque," retorted Matt, clinching his fists.

"Put on your shoes an' socks!" repeated his mother.

"Take off your bonnet an' sacque, an' I'll put on my shoes an' socks."

They stood glaring defiance at each other like a pair of duellists, their breaths rising in the frosty air like the smoke of pistols—these two grotesque figures in the gray light of the bleak passage, the tall fierce brunette, in her flowery bonnet and Astrakhan sacque, and the small, shivering, sneezing boy, in his patched homespun coat, with his trailing braces and bare feet. They heard Harriet's teeth chatter in the silence.

"Go back to bed, you young varmint," said Matt, suddenly catching sight of Billy's white face and gray night-gown on the landing above. "You'll ketch your death."

There was a scurrying sound from above, a fleeting glimpse of other little night-gowned figures. Matt and his mother still confronted each other wearily. And then the situation was broken up by the near approach of sleigh-bells. They stopped slowly, mingling their jangling with the creak of runners sliding over frosty snow; then the scrunch of heavy boots travelled across the clearing. Harriet flushed in modest alarm and fled up stairs. Mrs. Strang hastily retreated into the kitchen, and for one brief moment Matt breathed freely, till, hearing the click of the door-latch, he scented gunpowder. He dashed towards the door and pressed the thumb-latch, but it was fastened from within.

"Harriet!" he gasped, "the gun! the gun!"

He beat at the door, his imagination seeing through it. His loaded gun was resting on the wooden hooks fastened to the beam in the ceiling. He heard her mount a chair; he tried to break open the door, but could not. The chances of getting round by the back way flashed into his mind only to be dismissed as quickly. There was no time—in breathless agony he waited the report of the gun. Crash! A strange unexpected sound smote his ears—he heard the thud of his mother's body striking the floor. She had stabbed herself, then, instead. Half mad with excitement and terror, he backed to the end of the passage, took a running leap, and dashed with his mightiest momentum against the frail battened door. Off flew the catch, open flew the door, with Matt in pursuit, and it was all the boy could do to avoid tumbling over his mother, who sat on the floor among the ruins of a chair, rubbing her shins, her bonnet slightly disarranged, and the gun, still loaded, demurely on its perch. What had happened was obvious; some of the little Strang mice, taking advantage of the cat's absence at the "muddin' frolic," had had a frolic on their own account, turning the chair into a sled, and binding up its speedily broken leg to deceive the maternal eye.

"The pesky young varmints!" she exclaimed, full of this new grievance. "They might hev crippled me fer life. Always a-tearin' an' a-rampagin' an' a-ruinatin'. I kin't keep two sticks together. It's enough to make a body throw up the position."

The sound of the butt end of a whip battering the front door brought her to her feet with a bound. She began dusting herself hastily with her hand.

"Well, what 're you gawkin' at?" she inquired. "Kin't you go an' unbar the door, 'stead o' standin' there like a stuck pig?"

Matt knew the symptoms of volcanic extinction; without further parley he ran to the door and took down the beechen bar. The visitor was "ole Hey," who drove the mail. The deacon came in, powdered as from his own grist-mill, and added the snow of his top-boots to the drift in the hall. There were leather-faced mittens on his hands, ear-laps on his cap, tied under the chin, a black muffler, hoary with frost from his breath, round his neck and mouth, and an outer coat of buffalo-skin swathing his body down to his ankles, so that all that was visible of him was a little inner circle of red face with frosted eyebrows.

Mrs. Strang stood ready in the hall with a genial smile, and Matt, with heart grown lighter, returned to the kitchen, extracted the family foot-gear from under the stove, where it had been placed to thaw, and putting on his own still-

sodden top-boots, he set about shaving whittlings and collecting kindlings to build the fire.

"Here we are again, hey!" cried the deacon, as heartily as his perpetual colossal quid would permit.

"Do tell! is it really you?" replied Mrs. Strang, with her pleasant smile.

"Yes—dooty is dooty, I allus thinks," he said, spitting into the snow-drift and flicking the snow over the tobacco juice with his whip. "Whatever Deacon Hailey's hand finds to do he does fust-rate—thet's a fact. It don't seem so long a while since you and me were shakin' our heels in the Sir Roger. Nay, don't look so peaked—there's nuthin' to make such a touse about. You air a *partic'ler* Baptist, hey? And I guess you kinder allowed Deacon Hailey would be late with the mail, hey? But he's as spry as if he'd gone to bed with the fowls. You won't find the beat of *him* among the young fellers nowadays—thet's so. They're a lazy, slinky lot; and as for doin' their dooty to their country or their neighbor—"

"Hev you brought me a letter?" interrupted Mrs. Strang, anxiously.

"I guess—but you're goin' out airly?"

"I allowed I'd walk over to the village to see if it had come."

"Oh, but it ain't the one you expec'."

"No?" she faltered.

"I guess not. That's why I brought it myself. I kinder scented it was suthin' special, and so I reckoned I'd save you the trouble of trudgin' to the post-office. Deacon Hailey ain't the man to spare himself trouble to obleege a fellow-critter. Do as you'd be done by, hey?"

"Thank you." She extended her hand for the letter. He produced it slowly, apparently from up the sleeve of his topmost coat, a wet, forlorn-looking epistle, addressed in a sprawling hand. Mrs. Strang turned it about, puzzled.

"P'raps it's from Uncle Matt," ejaculated Matt, appearing suddenly at the kitchen door.

"You've got Uncle Matt on the brain," said Mrs. Strang. "It's a Halifax stamp." She could not understand it; her own family rarely wrote to her, and there was no hand of theirs in the address. Deacon Hailey lingered on, apparently prepared, in his consideration for others, to listen to the contents of his "fellow-critter's" letter.

"Ah, sonny," he said to Matt, "only jest turned out, and not slicked up yet. When I was your age I had done my day's chores afore the day had begun. No wonder the Province is so etarnally behindhand, hey?"

"Thet's so," Matt murmured. Pop! pop! pop! was all that he heard, so that "ole Hey's" moral exhortations left him neither a better nor a wiser boy.

Mrs. Strang still held the letter in her hand, apparently becoming indifferent to it. "Ole Hey" did not know she was waiting for him to go, so that she might put on her spectacles and read it. She never wore her spectacles in public, any more than she wore her night-cap. Both seemed to her to belong to the privacies of the inner life, and glasses in particular made an old woman of one before one's time. If she had worn out her eyes with needle-work and tears, that was not her neighbors' business.

The deacon, with no sign of impatience, elaborately unbuttoned his outer buffalo-skin, then the overcoat beneath that, and the coat under that, and then pulling up the edge of his cardigan that fitted tightly over his waistcoats, he toilsomely thrust his horny paw into his breeches pocket and hauled out a fig of "black-jack." Then he slowly produced from the other pocket a small tool-chest in the guise of a pocket-knife, and proceeded to cut the tobacco with one of the instruments.

"Come here, sonny," he cried.

"The deacon wants you," said Mrs. Strang.

Matt moved forward into the passage, wondering. "Ole Hey" solemnly held up the wedge of black-jack he had cut, and when Matt's eye was well fixed on it, he dislodged the old "chaw" from his cheek with contortions of the mouth and blew it out with portentous gravity. Lastly, he replaced it by the wedge of "black-jack," mouthed and moulded the new quid conscientiously between tongue and teeth, and passed the ball into his right cheek.

"Thet's the way to succeed in life, sonny. Never throw away dirty afore you got clean, hey?"

Poor Matt, unconscious of the lesson, waited inquiringly and deferentially, but the deacon was finished, and turned again to his mother.

"I 'spect it 'll be from some of the folks to home, mebbe."

"Mebbe," replied Mrs. Strang, longing for solitude and spectacles.

"When did you last hear from the boss?"

"He was in the South Seas, the capt'n, sellin' beads to the savages. He'd 'a' done better to preach 'em the Word, I do allow."

"Ah, you can't expect anything from sailors," said the deacon. "It's in the sea that the devil spreads his nets, thet's a fact."

"The Apostles were fishermen," Mrs. Strang reminded him.

"Yes; but fishers ain't sailors, Mrs. Strang. It's in furrin parts that the devil lurks, and the further a man goes from his family the nearer he goes to the devil, hey?"

Mrs. Strang winced. "But he's gittin' our way now," she protested, unguardedly. "He's comin' South with a freight."

"Ah, joined the blockade-runners, hey?"

Mrs. Strang bit her lip and flushed. "I don't kear," the deacon said, reassuringly. "I don't see why Nova Scotia should go solid for the North. What's the North done for Nova Scotia 'cept ruin us with their protection dooties, gol darn 'em! They won't have slaves, hey? Ain't we their slaves? Don't they skin us as clean as a bear does a sheep? Ain't they always on the lookout to snap up the Province? But I never talk politics. If the North and South want to cut each other's throats, thet's not our consarn. Mind your own business, I allus thinks, hey? And if your boss can make a good spec by provisionin' the Southerners, you'll be a plaguy sight better off, I vow. And so will I—for you know I shall hev to call in the mortgage unless you fork out that air interest pooty slick. There's no underhandedness about Deacon Hailey. He gives you fair warnin'."

"D'reckly the letter comes you shall have it—I've often told you so."

"Mebbe that 'll be his letter, after all—put his thumb out, I guess, and borrowed another feller's, hey?"

"No—he'd be nowhere near Halifax," said Mrs. Strang, her feverish curiosity mounting momently. "Don't them air sleigh-bells play a tune! I guess your horses air gettin' kinder restless."

"Well—there's nuthin' I can do for you to Cobequid village?" he said, lingeringly.

Mrs. Strang shook her head. "Thank you, I guess not."

"You wouldn't kear to write an answer now—I'd be tolerable pleased to post it for you down there. Allus study your fellow-critters, I allus thinks."

"No, thank you."

Deacon Hailey spat deliberately on the floor.

"Er—you got to home safe this mornin'?"

"Yes, thank you. We all come together, me and Harriet and Matt. 'Twere a lovely walk in the moonlight with the Aurora Borealis quiverin' and flushin' on the northern horizon."

"A-h-h," said the deacon, slowly and rather puzzled. "A roarer! Hey?"

At this moment a sudden stampede of hoofs and a mad jangling of bells was heard without. With a "Darn them beasts!" the deacon breathlessly turned tail and fled in pursuit of the sleigh, mounting it over the tail-board. When he had turned the corner, Matt's grinning face emerged from behind the snow-capped stump of a juniper.

"I reckon I fetched him thet time," he said, throwing away the remaining snowball, as he hastened gleefully inside to partake of the contents of the letter.

He found his mother sitting on the old settle in the kitchen, her spectacled face gray as the sand on the floor, her head bowed on her bosom. One limp hand held the crumpled letter. She reminded him of a drooping foxglove. The room had a heart of fire now, the stove in the centre glowed rosily with rock-maple brands, but somehow it struck a colder chill to Matt's heart than before.

"Father's drownded," his mother breathed.

"He'll never know about Billy now," he thought, with a gleam of relief.

Mrs. Strang began to wring her gloved hands silently, and the letter fluttered from between her fingers. Matt made a dart at it, and read as follows:

Dear Marm,—Don't take on but ime sorrie to tell you that the Cap is a gone goose we run the block kade onst slick but the 2 time we was took by them allfird Yanks we reckkend to bluff 'em in the fog but about six bells a skwad of friggets bore down on us sudden like ole nick the cap he sees he was hemd in on a lee shoar and he swears them lubberly northers shan't have his ship not if he goes to Davy Jones his loker he lufs her sharp up into the wind and sings out lower the longbote boys and while the shot was tearin and crashin through the riggin he springs to the hall-yards and hauls down the cullers then jumps through the lazzaret into the store room kicks the head of a carsk of ile in clinches a bit of oakem dips it in the ile and touches a match to it and drops it on the deck into the runin ile and then runs for it hisself jumps into the bote safe with the cullers and we sheer off into the fog mufflin our oars with our caps and afore that tarnation flame bust out to show where we were we warnt there but we heard the everlastin fools poundin away at the poor old innocent *Sally Bell* till your poor boss dear marm he larfs and ses he shipmets ses he look at good old *Sally* she's stickin out her yellow tongue at em and grinnin at the dam goonies beg pardon marm but that was his way he never larfed no more for wed disremembered the cumpess and drifted outer the fog into a skwall and the night was comin on and we drov blind on a reef and capsized but we all struck out for shore and allowed the cap was setting sale the same way as the rest on us but when we reached the harbor the cap he warnt at the helm and a shipmet ses ses he as how he would swim with that air bundle of cullers that was still under his arm and they tangelled round his legs and sorter dragged him under and kep him down like seaweed and now dear marm he lays in the Gulf of Mexiker kinder rapped in a shroud and gone aloft I was the fust mate and a better officer I never wish to sine with for tho he did sware till all was blue his hart was like a unborn babbys and wishing you a merry christmas and God keep you and the young orfuns and giv you a happy new year dear marm you deserve it.

ime yours to command,

Hosea Cuddy (Mate).

p s.—i would have writ erlier, but i couldn't get your address till i worked my way to Hallifax and saw the owners scuse me not puttin this in a black onwellop i calclated to brake it eesy.

Matt hastily took in the gist of the letter, then stood folding it carefully, at a loss what to say to the image of grief rocking on the settle. From the barn behind came the mooing of Daisy—half protestation, half astonishment at the unpunctuality of her breakfast. Matt found a momentary relief in pitying the cow. Then his mother's voice burst out afresh.

"My poor Davie," she moaned. "Cut off afore you could repent; too deep down fur me to kiss your dead lips. I hevn't even got a likeness o' you; you never would be took. I shall never see your face again on airth, and I misdoubt if I'll meet you in heaven."

"Of course you will; he saved his flag," said Matt, with shining eyes.

His mother shook her head, and set the roses on her bonnet nodding gayly to the leaping flame. "Your father was born a Sandemanian," she sighed.

"What is thet?" said Matt.

"Don't ask me; thet air things boys mustn't know. And you've seen in the letter 'bout his profane langwidge. I never would 've run off with him; all my folks were agen it; and a sore time I've had in the wilderness 'way back from my beautiful city. But it was God's finger. I pricked the Bible for a verse, and it came: 'An' they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel.'"

She nodded and muttered, "An' I was his angel," and the roses trembled in the firelight. "If you were a good boy, Matt," she broke off, "you'd know where that air varse come from."

"Hadn't I better tell Harriet?" he asked.

"Acts, chapter eleven, verse fifteen," muttered his mother. "It was the finger of God. What's thet you say 'bout Harriet? Ain't she finished tittivatin' herself yet—with her father layin' dead, too?" She got up and walked to the foot of the stairs. "Harriet!" she shrieked.

Harriet dashed down the stairs, neat and pretty.

"You onchristian darter!" cried Mrs. Strang. "Don't you know father's drownded?"

Harriet fell half fainting against the banister. Mrs. Strang caught her and pulled her towards the kitchen.

"There, there," she said, "don't freeze out here, my poor child. The Lord's will be done!"

Harriet mutely dropped into the chair her mother drew for her before the stove. Daisy's bellowing became more insistent.

"And he never lived to take me back to Halifax, arter all!" moaned Mrs. Strang.

"Never mind, mother," said Harriet, gently. "God will send you back some day. You have suffered enough."

Mrs. Strang burst into tears for the first time. "Ah, you don't know what my life has been!" she cried, in a passion of self-pity.

Harriet took her mother's gloved hand tenderly in hers. "Yes we do, mother; yes we do. We know how you have slaved and struggled."

As she spoke a panorama of the slow years was fleeting through the minds of all three—the long, blank weeks uncolored by a letter, the fight with poverty, the outbursts of temper; all the long-drawn pathos of lonely lives. Tears gathered in the children's eyes—more for themselves than for the absentee father, who for the moment seemed but gone on a longer voyage.

"Harriet," said Mrs. Strang, choking back her sobs, "bring down the little ones—tell them they are orphans, and wrap them up well. We'll say a prayer."

Harriet gathered herself together and went weeping up the stairs. Matt followed her with a sudden thought. He ran up to his room and returned, carrying a square sheet of rough paper.

His mother had sunk into Harriet's chair. He lifted up her head and showed her the paper.

"Davie!" she shrieked, and showered passionate kisses on the crudely colored sketch of a sailor—a figure that had a strange touch of vitality, a vivid suggestion of brine and breeze. She arrested herself suddenly. "You pesky varmint!" she cried. "So this is what become o' the fly-leaf of the big Bible!"

Matt hung his head. "It was empty," he murmured.

"Yes, but there's another page thet ain't—thet tells you to obey your parents. This is how you waste your time 'stead o' wood-choppin'."

"Uncle Matt earns his livin' at it," he urged.

"Uncle Matt's a villain. Don't you go by your Uncle Matt, fer lan's sake." She rolled up the drawing fiercely, and Matt placed himself apprehensively between it and the stove.

"You said he wouldn't be took," he remonstrated.

Mrs. Strang sullenly placed the paper in her bosom, and the action reminded her to remove her bonnet and sacque. Harriet, drooping and listless, descended the stairs, carrying the two-year-old and marshalling the other little ones—a blinking, bewildered group of cherubs with tousled hair and tumbled clothes. Sprat came down last, stretching himself sleepily. He had kept the same late hours as Matt, and, returning with him from the "muddin' frolic," had crept under his bed.

The sight of the children moved Mrs. Strang to fresh weeping. She almost tore the baby from Harriet's arms.

"He never saw you," she cried, hysterically, closing the wee yawning mouth with kisses. Her eyes fell on Billy limping towards the red-hot stove where the others were already clustered.

"An' he never saw *you*," she cried to him as she adjusted the awed infant on the settle. "Or it would ha' broke his heart. Kneel down and say a prayer for him, you mischeevious little imp."

Billy, thus suddenly apostrophized, paled with nervous fright. His big gray eyes grew moist, a lump rose in his throat. But he knelt down with the rest and began bravely:

"Our Father, which art in heaven—"

"Well, what are you stoppin' about?" jerked his mother, for the boy had paused suddenly with a strange light in his eyes.

"I never knowed what it meant afore," he said, simply.

His mother's eye caught the mystic gleam from his.

"A sign! a sign!" she cried, ecstatically, as she sprang up and clasped the little cripple passionately to her heaving bosom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONSOLATION.

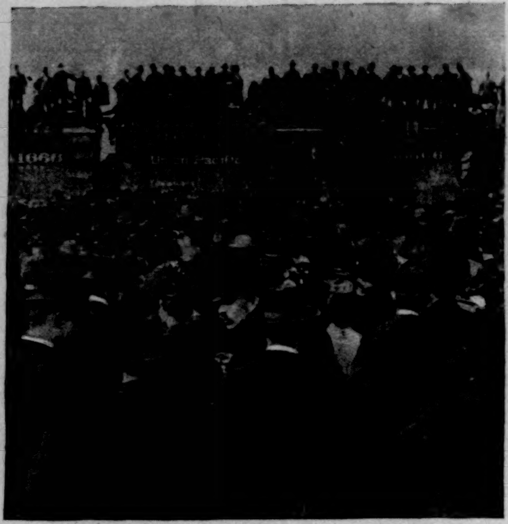
So be thy lot, dear friend, wherever cast,
A happy Present, happier than the Past:
Save only where some bright resplendent star
Had crossed thy heavens, and was brighter far
Than aught which followed—let its joys remain;
'Twill gild thy pleasures, and 'twill soothe thy pain.

Henry C. Cooper.

SENATOR JARVIS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

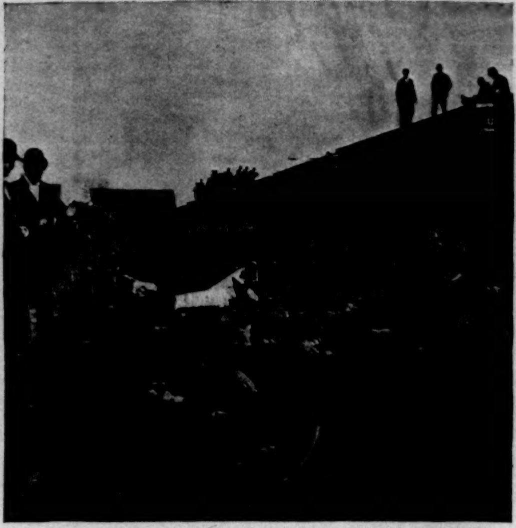
Mr. Thomas Jordan Jarvis, who succeeded the late Mr. Vance as Governor of North Carolina in 1879, when the latter went to the United States Senate, has been appointed by Governor Carr to the seat left vacant by the death of Senator Vance. Mr. Jarvis will occupy this seat until the North Carolina Legislature, which meets in June, elects a Senator to fill out the term, which does not expire until March 4, 1900. There were many candidates for the place. Among them Mr. Jarvis was much the best known, as he has been prominent in public life for more than twenty-five years. He is of course a Democrat, and his views are probably not much different from those held by Mr. Vance, as he has declared since his appointment that he stands on "the Chicago platform as construed in the South." Probably it is not unfair to say that this means that he favors a low tariff, the free coinage of silver, and an income tax. It has been announced that Mr. Jarvis will not stand for election in June, but will later try for Senator Ransom's seat. This will give Governor Carr a chance to get to Washington. Mr. Jarvis is a man of great popularity with the people of his State, and he has been singularly fortunate in the gratification of his political ambitions.

He was born at Jarvisburg fifty-eight years ago, his father, a Methodist preacher, being a man of such high character that he was not only respected but loved by all who knew him. The family was poor, and the son in his boyhood had to work on a farm. By hard work and economy he managed to fit himself for and to pass through Randolph-Macon College, from which he was graduated in 1860. Then he taught school for a year. The war had now begun, and he enlisted as a private in the Confederate army. He was promoted step by step, until in 1864 he was a Captain. At the battle of Drury's Bluff his arm was shattered by a bullet, and his career as a soldier ended. This arm has ever since been helpless, and to this day is carried in a sling. After the war Mr. Jarvis kept a country store, occupying all his leisure in the study of the law. In 1868 he was admitted to the bar, and at the same time his political life began. That year he was Presidential elector on the Seymour ticket, and was also elected to the Legislature. Re-elected in 1870, he was chosen as Speaker of the House. In 1872 he was again Presidential elector, and in 1875 a member of the Constitutional Convention. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and three years later, as previously said, he succeeded to the Governorship. He was then elected by the people, and held the position till 1884. When Mr. Cleveland was elected President the first time, the friends of Mr. Jarvis urged his appointment to a cabinet position. Instead of giving him a cabinet portfolio, Mr. Cleveland appointed him Minister to Brazil. This appointment was deemed by Mr. Jarvis's friends as rather small for his deserts. In his own State Mr. Jarvis's popularity is in a great measure due to the fact that he is essentially one of the people, and his humble beginnings count greatly in his favor. In politics he is so careful that he has always managed to retain the friendship of all factions, and at this time the Populists look upon him with special favor.

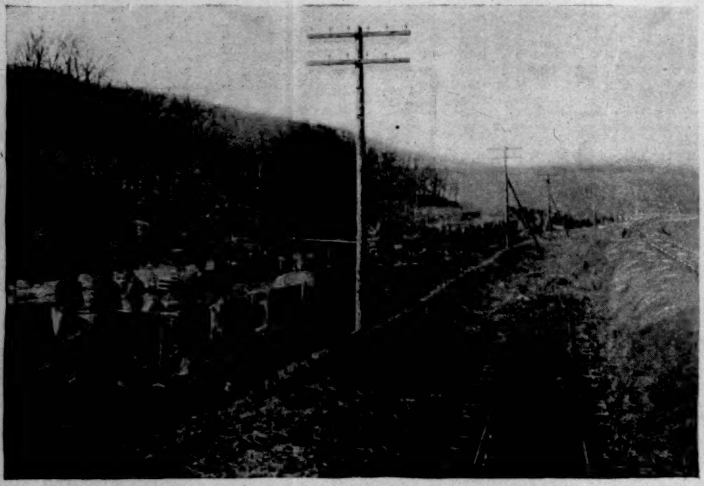


ARRIVAL OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARMY.
In the Council Bluffs Freight-yards, Sunday Morning, April 15th.

"GENERAL" CHARLES T. KELLY,
Commanding the Industrial Army.



EARLY MORNING.
In the Freight-yard Camp at Council Bluffs.



CAMP DESPAIR.
Along the Track of the Rock Island Railway, where "Kelly's Army" was encamped for several days while waiting for Transportation.

"GENERAL" KELLY'S STAFF-OFFICERS.
One Machinist, two Butchers, one Telegraph Operator, one Stove-maker, one Basket-maker, one Bookkeeper, two Tinners, and three unskilled Laborers.

KELLY'S "INDUSTRIAL ARMY" ON ITS WAY TO WASHINGTON.—From Photographs taken at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

AN OVERLAND CRUSADE.

The mid-West, which has been at times the theatre of many events impossible of occurrence in other places where great distances and other elements do not enter into account, has lately been the seat of a peaceful war which is like to become historic. When, a few weeks ago, it was announced by telegraph that a band of unemployed men in San Francisco had behaved in such a way as to make it a matter of expediency for the authorities in that city and the neighboring town of Oakland to hire a train and send them Eastward, the affair was declared to be what in the West is known as "holding up a town," and so the cities lying along the overland route, and through which in the nature of events the body of vagrants would pass, became apprehensive of depredations of all kinds when the so-called "army" should arrive. In Ogden, Utah Territory, where the Union Pacific Railroad has its beginning (or ending, as you choose), there were two or three days of extreme awkwardness before the authorities succeeded in getting rid of their unwelcome guests, and sped them on their way Eastward. Their avowed errand Eastward was to appear in a body at the Capitol in Washington to by their presence bear witness to the state of affairs claimed to exist in a section of the country which should be prosperous. Even by those upon whom the army had made a favorable impression it was not entirely believed that its members were seeking employment at government expense, but instead it was believed that the men were simply desirous of making their way Eastward, ready for whatever should turn up. Among the fifteen hundred men were many with "union cards," while a majority of them laid claim to being craftsmen. Accordingly, the greatest precautions were taken in Omaha, where the Union Pacific Railroad terminates, to prevent the disbandment of the army within the city limits, and although a sufficient food supply was contributed by the citizens and the municipality, when the train bearing the crusaders arrived in town it was not permitted to make more than a momentary halt, for the purpose of attaching a commissary car, when it was sped on its way across the Missouri River and into Council Bluffs, Iowa. There the army was stopped, and in time the box-cars in which it had made so much of its trip were hauled away.

From this moment the most thrilling series of events in the history of the two cities dates. The "soldiers" were stranded without means of subsistence, and the citizens began to make strenuous efforts to send them on their way.

The head of the crusade was called "General" Kelly. Kelly turned out to be simply a small, pale, intellectual-appearing, and rather pensive-looking man. Fortunately, his authority over the rabble, which was made up by him in a few days, and which was without any other restraint than that imposed by his word of command, was excellent.

It had been represented that almost anything might be expected of the crusaders, and the Governor determined to use several ounces of prevention, so the militia were called out. Accordingly, no trouble occurred; the "army" wished only to be fed and let alone, and remained about the campfires they had built in the railroad yards where their train of box-cars was stopped, and where thousands of people crossed the three Missouri River bridges to look upon them.

"General" Kelly immediately began negotiations with the railroad people to secure a train East, of course on the basis of a gratis offering. The Union Pacific had found it advisable to convey the men out of its territory, and the citizens of Omaha and Council Bluffs naturally favored a similar action on the part of the Omaha-Chicago railroad companies, but the officials of these latter would hear of nothing of the kind, claiming that they would be liable for damages did they convey destitute persons in a body into Illinois.

Following a plan which he had been led to believe would result in a train being sent out for him, "General" Kelly, on the day after his arrival in Council Bluffs, marched his command to a side-track station three miles into the interior, and there went into camp. They were still followed by the militia, but no friction occurred between the two "armies."

The first night's camp was made just outside a large enclosure which took in several acres of hilly wood. There they remained along the roadway throughout a bitter rainstorm. They built temporary shelters of weeds, sunflower stalks, sod, and every other conceivable architectural material, and by spreading their blankets in the form of tents and lying in the mud, probably one-tenth of the men made up a wretched shelter.

Kelly counselled patience, and predicted assistance. And following the rain came a storm of another kind. It was a storm of loaves. It came in wagons from the townsmen near at hand and miles away.

The quartermaster's department was a place of bread and side-meat and blankets and cast-off clothing. Big mercantile establishments even sent their quota. In the camp the American flag waved in all sizes and in all kinds of places, and the symbol of freedom and the tomato-can of vagrancy blossomed side by side.

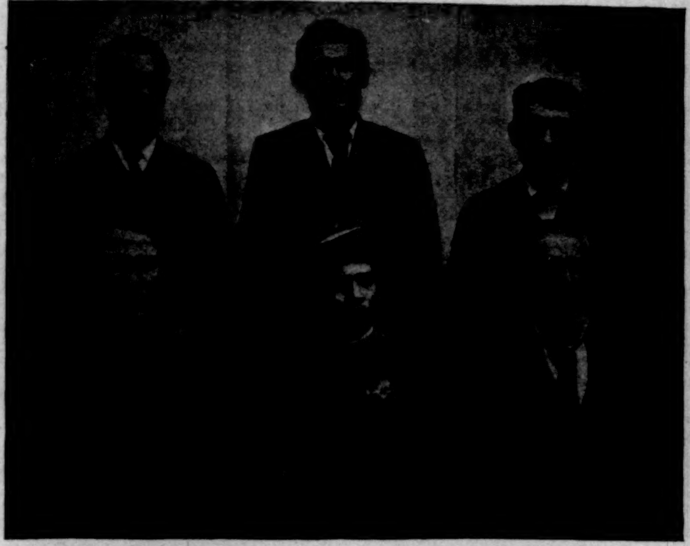
For three days the army remained at their first stopping-place outside town, and in that time great excitement spread through Omaha and Council Bluffs. The labor-unions took the matter up, and transportation for the Kelly army to Chicago became the only subject for discussion wherever men met. The attitude of the railroads in refusing free transportation for fifteen hundred irresponsible tatterdemalions was loudly condemned. After a time the Governor yielded to the pressure, and returned the militia to its home. As day followed day, and no provision was made for sending the men on their way, excitement grew out of all bounds, until, on the declaration of the railroad attorneys that any train forcibly seized and run would be wrecked by the company, a sympathizing army was formed in Omaha, and on Friday morning, April 20th, at a given signal of bell-ringing and whistle-blowing, 5000 workingmen in Omaha marched in a body across the bridge to Council Bluffs, ignoring all authority of the toll-takers, and augmented by 2500 more Council Bluffs men, a march was made upon the officials and attorneys, the avowed object being to awe them into granting the use of the train asked. Still firmly refusing to yield, the officials simply bestirred themselves to get all their empty box-cars and their engines out of Council Bluffs, and when an assault was made on the yards of the Eastern roads but one engine, and that belonging to the Union Pacific, a Western road, was found. This engine was taken by two young women, who led the crowd of thousands, and, with a few cars attached, this was run out to the town of Weston, whither the army had proceeded, for Kelly's use.

He refused it. He said he would not take a train thus pressed by force into his service, and the sympathizers were obliged to return to town. But the keen wit of the man was shown in his refusal, for the news was soon brought of the railroad company tearing up its tracks a few miles east. And the same day the threat of the corporations to abandon all train-service until the army should leave the vicinity of their tracks was put into execution, and for almost a week no trains of any kind were operated over the Milwaukee or Rock Island roads westward into Council Bluffs, the terminal point. Instead they were run miles around by other lines—the mail-trains—while the freight-trains were discontinued altogether.

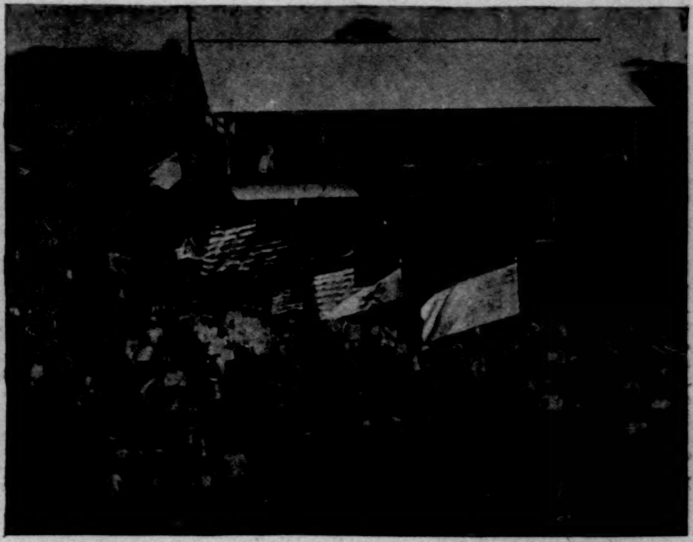
Provisions of all kinds and in large quantities came into the camp, and although eating but two meals a day, and still using tomato-cans and wash-boilers as cooking-utensils, the men were no longer hungry.

A word as to Kelly. In San Francisco he was a printer and a student of sociology. When the army, which was enlisted in a few days, wanted a leader, it chose him. He was merely a creature of circumstances and of the moment, but the caravan ought to be grateful for the luck which sent it a man of such cool judgment. He counselled moderation, and throughout his army maintained the utmost tranquillity.

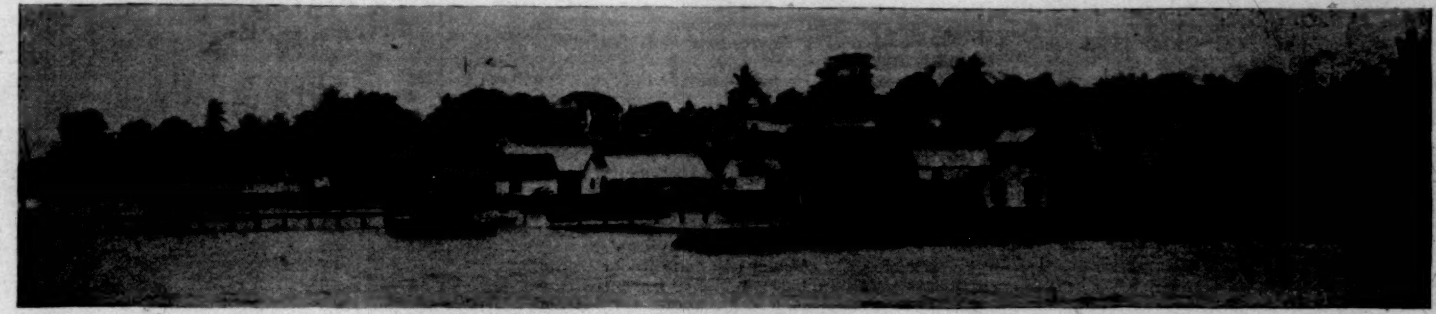
And after a week of turmoil, Kelly and his army set off on a foot march across the country, maintained on the way entirely by voluntary contributions from the citizens.



ROBERT HENRY CLARENCE, CHIEF OF MOSQUITIA, AND HIS CABINET.



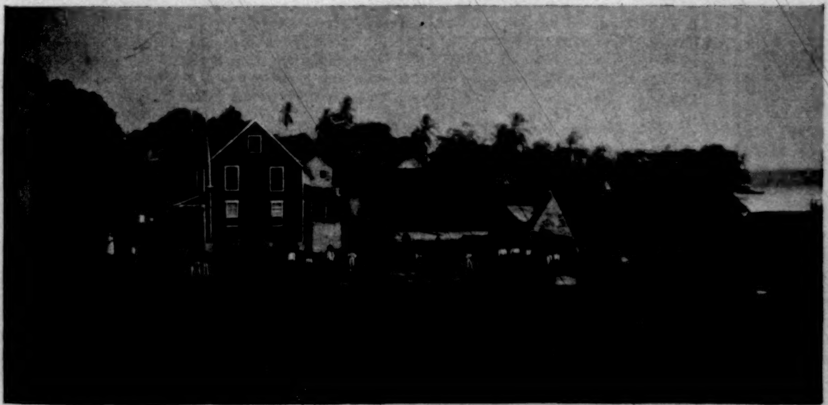
FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATION BY AMERICAN POPULATION, BLUEFIELDS.



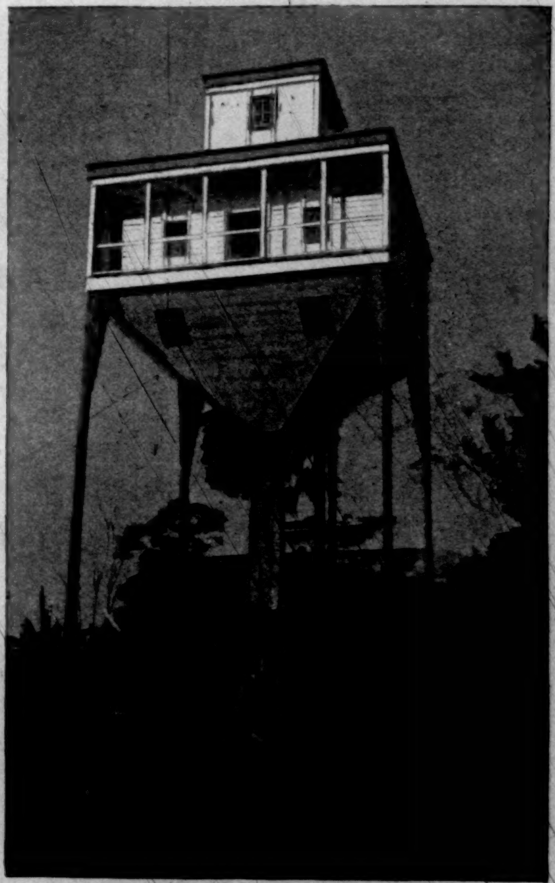
BLUEFIELDS FROM THE LAGOON.

HANSACK'S POINT, BLUEFIELDS.

MORAVIAN CHAPEL AND SCHOOL, BLUEFIELDS.



PUBLIC MARKET, WILSON'S STORE, KING STREET, BLUEFIELDS.
Centre of Town.



ENDEAVORING TO ESCAPE MALARIA.
House built by "Pop" Wildeson on the Rama River.

BLUEFIELDS, ON THE MOSQUITO COAST, THE SEAT OF THE NICARAGUAN DISPUTE.—[See Page 418.]

THE MOSQUITO COAST.

ITS RELATION TO THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY COURTENAY DE KALB.

The Mosquito Coast is of interest chiefly on account of its peculiar political relations, which are the result of a struggle for control of the most favored route for an interoceanic ship-canal. Its commerce is small, its people degraded and indolent, and the country itself wanting in beauty. Bluefields Bluff on the south and Bragman's Bluff on the north are the only landmarks rising above the general level of low-lying jungle, which stretches in dull monotony for leagues and leagues along the coast. Even this forbidding waste of mangrove swamp is interlaced by a bewildering net-work of lagoons and natural canals, succeeded farther inland by extensive marshes and savannas formed by the draining and silting up of still more ancient lagoons during a long-continued continental uprising, which is not yet ended. The coast-line is fronted by a chain of coral reefs and islands, with intricate and dangerous channels between them and the mainland, which the buccaneers of old turned to good account. Every harbor was a pirates' rendezvous, and what with rum and gifts pleasing to the savage eye, these miscreants managed to ingratiate themselves with the Mosquito tribe, who proved apt scholars in ways of wickedness and corruption.

In 1688, upon the collapse of the "Buccaneers' Republic," England crowned a native chieftain as "King," placing him and his country under her protection. From this period British influence has never ceased to dominate the Mosquito Coast, although from 1763 to 1821, by virtue of treaties with Spain, England had no official connection with it, and from 1860 to the present time she has merely stood responsible for the preservation of the rights of self-government accorded to this little country by the Treaty of Managua. Thus it happens that the Mosquito Indians have always been in contact with English-speaking people, and have acquired the English language, although they have never abandoned their native dialect. Furthermore, the lessons in moral depravity first taught by the pirates were re-enforced by the low type of traders who subsequently visited the coast, resulting in a most pitiable moral and physical degeneracy. The race has also become confused with white and negro blood, until it is doubtful whether a Mosquito Indian of pure extraction exists to-day. There is, however, a sort of Mosquito clan, professing to be distinct from white and black, which does, indeed, possess a predominant strain of Indian blood, but it has been pushed back by the in-rushing tide of Jamaica negroes and settlers from England and the United States, who have acquired political and commercial control of the country, reducing the native to a condition little better than the *peon* of Spanish America.

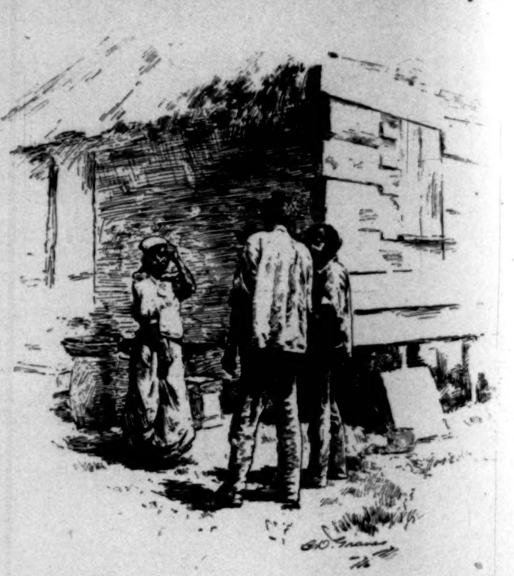
Owing to the physical peculiarities of Mosquitia, the settlements are uniformly situated on the sea-coast, at the mouths of rivers. These are nothing more than trading-posts—collections of palm-thatched hovels with a few rude weather-boarded houses and stores belonging to merchants, all strung in a line along the river-side. In the stores are always crowds of natives drinking rum. Along the beach, in front, are canoes ("pit-pans," in local parlance) and larger dories drawn up on the sand, with idle crowds lounging in and around them, while here and there a group is cooking a mess of fish or boiling a pot of bananas over an open fire. The events which break the monotony of life are the daily departures of "pit-pans" laden with flour and beans and merchandise for barter with the Indians on the upper river, and the arrivals of other "pit-pans" from the interior, bringing rubber and gold-dust, while at uncertain intervals a schooner or a coasting steamer comes tumbling over the foaming breakers on the bar, bringing some scanty news of the outer world, and more flour and beans and cheap merchandise.

There are six principal settlements of this class, of which the most important are Pearl City, the home of the chieftain, and Principulca, which has recently sprung into prominence through discoveries of gold around the head-waters of the river of that name. Bluefields alone rises to the dignity of a city. It is the capital and single port of entry of the Mosquito Reservation. Here a motley population of about 3500 souls are gathered together in a town of scarcely more than a single street, which follows the winding shore-line of Bluefields Lagoon around the base of a wooded hill. The site is picturesque, and from a distance the white town embowered in tropical verdure produces a pleasing scene. Within the town this beauty disappears. The houses are plain wooden structures, in style such as one may see in a "mushroom" city of the West. Seven miles across the lagoon is the steamship anchorage by Bluefields Bluff, a narrow promontory dividing the lagoon from the sea, affording splendid shelter for shipping, with a depth of water up to the wharf of thirty feet, although the bar at the entrance admits vessels drawing no more than sixteen feet. The Bluefields or Escondido River, emptying into the lagoon, is the chief centre of industrial activity in the region, yielding about 1,200,000 bunches of bananas yearly, worth about $240,000 on the spot. The next important article of export is India-rubber, which averages about 600,000 pounds per annum, valued at about $210,000. Gold-dust to the value of $85,000 to $90,000 is also shipped, in addition to considerable quantities of cocoanuts, hides, and tortoise-shell, the total exports of all kinds not reaching a higher value than $580,000 yearly. This would seem to dispose effectually of any assumption that Nicaragua covets Mosquitia for the sake of revenue.

There are, however, two very cogent reasons why Nicaragua should desire full incorporation of this territory with the republic. Those portions of her Caribbean seaboard north and south of the Mosquito Reservation belong to her only through faithful compliance with every term of the Treaty of Managua, having constituted, together with the present reservation, part of the so-called Mosquito Coast, over which England formerly exercised a protectorate. Thus the title to Nicaragua's eastern coast is decidedly precarious. The second reason is involved in the first, her title through the Treaty of Managua being difficult to maintain because of the anomalous political relations of the reservation to the republic proper established by that treaty. Mosquitia is recognized as being under Nicaraguan sovereignty, but is wholly self-governing, even to such details as the regulation of foreign commerce and the imposition of export and import duties. Nicaragua is restrained from enacting a single law affecting the conduct of affairs in her Mosquitian dependency. Mosquitia is prohibited from sending or receiving envoys or diplomatic agents, from issuing money or stamps, or from doing anything contrary to the sovereign rights of Nicaragua. The practical working of such an arrangement has naturally led to those collisions of authority which it is so manifestly capable of producing. Nicaragua is consequently anxious to enjoy the rights of a responsible sovereign in her own territory, and to obtain a clear title to her Caribbean coast, to which in strict justice she is entitled, not only on the ground of early Spanish possession, but of direct treaty acknowledgment on the part of England.*

The political history of Mosquitia is closely bound up with a long controversy between the United States and England over Central American affairs, bearing upon the control of the route for a Nicaraguan interoceanic ship-canal. When it became inevitable, in 1848, that the United States was destined to add the immense territory of California to its possessions, Lord Palmerston foresaw that sooner or later we would need a ship-canal across the American isthmus. Steps were immediately taken to thwart our efforts in this direction. The Mosquito Coast, which formerly had been regarded as extending from Cape Cameron, on the north coast of what is now Honduras, around to Bluefields on the south, was officially declared by England, in the name of her Mosquitian ally, to extend to and include the Rio San Juan del Norte, the only possible route for the ship-canal. At the same time she seized Greytown, at the mouth of this river, and on the pretext of unpaid interest on Honduranian bonds she occupied the island of Tigre, in the Gulf of Fonseca, then considered the natural western terminus of the future canal. These acts led to the negotiation of the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, which was intended to oust our British rival from Central America, and our statesmen of 1850 fondly imagined that the British protectorate over Mosquitia had been extinguished by it. How such a conclusion could have been reached is difficult to understand, since that treaty explicitly states that neither England nor the United States will "make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same." Instead of divesting England of her Mosquito protectorate, this document, strictly interpreted, not only confirmed her in it, but recognizes her right to extend her protection to, or to form an alliance with, any Central American "state or people," which latter term might be held to include any revolutionary party which England might choose to recognize as "belligerents," and it clearly included the tribe of Mosquito Indians, whose loose governmental organization had never been acknowledged as a "state."

Finding that England insisted upon a literal interpretation of the treaty, we pressed our demands for complete withdrawal from Mosquitia so strenuously that in 1852 the Crampton-Webster Treaty was drawn up, which provided for a reservation under Nicaraguan sovereignty, and ceded absolutely to Nicaragua the seaboard from the Rio Rama, below Bluefields, to the Rio San Juan. Unfortunately Nicaragua was then incensed at the United States, and refused to accept the treaty, which could only become operative through her sanction. The Mosquito Question, complicated by disputes over the Bay Islands, off the coast of Honduras, and over British aggressions in Belize, was once more open, and a tedious controversy ensued, which terminated in the Treaty of Managua of 1860. Having tried a second time to adjust the matter by a convention,* and arbitration having been proposed by England, and abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty having been threatened by the United States, it was finally agreed that if England would "carry out the American interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty" in conventions between herself and the Central American states involved, our government would accept such conventions as a satisfactory solution of pending difficulties. Three separate treaties were concluded. That with Gautemala, relating to Belize, lies beyond the scope of the present discussion, and that with Honduras merits attention only because it helps reveal England's ulterior motives in the treaty with Nicaragua. To Honduras was ceded absolutely and forever all that portion of the Mosquito Coast which lay north and west of Cape Gracias á Dios, as well as the Bay Islands. The bulk of the Mosquito Indians have always lived in that portion of their territory. If the intention of England had been merely to provide for the welfare of this people, as she always claimed, the reservation for them should have been partitioned out of Honduras. Instead of this, a sum of money was exacted from Honduras to provide for educating the Indians, while the reservation was established in Nicaragua, and Nicaraguan sovereignty over "the country hitherto occupied or claimed by the Mosquito Indians within the frontier of that republic" England agreed to "recognize," "*subject to the conditions and engagements specified*" in this Treaty of Managua. In spite of the transparent craftiness of this convention, it was accepted by President Buchanan, December 3, 1860.


GROUP OF NATIVES, PRINCIPULCA.

The recent occupation of Bluefields by Nicaraguan troops, though it may have been made on the plea of a threatened invasion from Honduras, having since been followed by the establishment of Nicaraguan civil law in the reservation, constitutes a gross violation of the treaty, utterly indefensible on technical grounds, and the result must be a readjustment of this vexed question, in which both the United States and England are so deeply concerned. The landing of British marines was an incident of minor consequence. The great fact is that the treaty to which England's honor is pledged, and through which she has held open an opportunity for interference in Nicaragua, has been broken, and that a new treaty or an arbitration must follow, in which lies for England the chance of material advantage, and for the United States the chance of serious loss. The Treaty of Managua having reference to the whole eastern coast of Nicaragua, the status even of the territory through which the canal must pass would naturally be subject to readjustment in settling this dispute. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has not been trenched upon in these recent transactions, but it has been openly violated in the past, both by us and by Great Britain; and still it stands unabrogated, a constant menace to our conceded rights in Nicaragua. Certainly the present incident offers a favorable opportunity for disposing summarily of this disgraceful piece of diplomatic rubbish.

It would be an unpleasant thing to have it forced upon us that by our own solemn compact we had justified British alliances which would jeopard the great waterway toward which we earnestly look for a renewed expansion of our industrial opportunities. Perhaps we might enforce our rights rudely with powder and ball, as we did at Greytown in 1854; but wise diplomacy is better than recourse to arms. If, then, we are to use diplomacy, we must do it to better purpose than we have in the past, and fail not, above all, to comprehend things when expressed in the English language. Whatever may come of the Bluefields incident, we have to remember that our rights in Nicaragua are superior to those of any other nation in the world; that England, as well as other powers, has recognized the superiority of our claims; that to sacrifice these rights is to impair our strength and our chances for the equal development of our broad republic; that such sacrifice would mean the loss of our most important future artery of commerce between the East and the West. We have nothing to fear but our own fearfulness and the diplomatic talents of our rivals. The Treaty of Managua has been a menace to our interests as well as to those of Nicaragua. Now that it is broken, with the Mosquito Question again demanding solution, we can afford to be firm, and settle it forever in the interests of peace, and of commercial benefits to all the world in the Nicaragua Canal, which should be free from international entanglements.

* Treaties between England and Spain in 1763, 1783, 1786, and 1814.

* The Clarendon-Dallas Treaty of 1856.

AMATEUR SPORT

A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

III.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS.—II.

ROWING.

FIRST in importance and in the affections of all English university men is boating, though its early Oxford and Cambridge history is very vague. All things have had a beginning, but unless one goes back to the monks, whose cloister game had so close a connection with the origin of our present court tennis, it is decidedly difficult to trace the beginning of sport at Oxford and Cambridge on land or water. There seems always, in fact, to have been sport of one kind or another at the English universities—a trite remark, by-the-way, since the same might be said with equal truth of any institution of Anglo-Saxon foundation. To what the very first English undergraduates turned their athletic attention has not been given posterity, but the earliest sport, so far as I could get any definite tracing, seems to have been fox-hunting. Although of a necessity riding to hounds must have been limited to those who could afford such comparatively expensive sport, yet it appears to have had quite a following. Of course it never became common to the student body, as the various branches of athletics are to-day, but reminiscences of the "oldest grad" in personal diaries dating well back to the beginning of the present century indicate that it flourished enthusiastically among a certain percentage of undergraduates. Naturally fox-hunting begat a certain amount of steeple-chasing, to which in turn is accredited, many years later—about 1850—the organization of the first cross-country run on foot. History records that poor mounts and an unsatisfactory day's sport over the hurdles led to an indignation meeting of the riders, and the suggestion of a cross-country run, which came off a few days later, to the immortalization of the very leg-weary but plucky men who covered the course.

Throughout the history of sport at both Oxford and Cambridge a considerable element of horsemen is found down to the present day. While neither of the universities has an organized hunt, the undergraduates of each have ample opportunity of riding to hounds with the several good packs in the immediate vicinity, Oxford being probably a little more favored in this particular, though more men at Cambridge keep horses to-day, a fact that the nearness of Newmarket very likely explains. Both also play polo, and annually decide an inter-university match, which sometimes shows pretty good form, but more often does not. Then, too, Oxford perpetuates the memory of its early steeple-chasing days by holding a meeting every year a few miles outside the university precincts, that, although not recognized by the colleges, nevertheless flourishes, and is one of the most interesting sporting fixtures of the year.

The only hunting done from the university is after the Christ Church College, Oxford, beagle pack, which is an organized hunt with regular runs, sometimes after rabbit, but more frequently over a drag.

First of all, let me say before going further into the subject that there will be no attempt in these articles to recount the history of the several sports as they are taken up for discussion. It should be remembered, especially by English readers, that this series is written primarily for the American public, and records only the impressions of an American sportsman. If in passing I touch history, it will merely be as stepping-stones to a better appreciation of the present.

Rowing appears always to have been in vogue, though 1822 is the first date at which any special records are to be found, and these are from the private diary of a 'varsity oar. Even in what one reads of this period rowing is spoken of as something that had been going on time out of mind, consequently there is no way of telling when it actually began, unless one went back to the introduction of pleasure-boats in England. There is, I have been told, somewhere an ancient pamphlet, though I could not put my hand on it, that tells of rowing at Oxford in 1815, but even this would not reach the beginning, for Eton, England's renowned public school, is said to have preceded both Oxford and Cambridge. By-the-way, the term "public school" is differently used in England from what we understand it in America. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, the famous preparatory schools for the universities, are called public schools, though they are no more public than are our Exeter, Andover, St. Paul's, and Lawrenceville, to which they correspond. What we know as public (free) schools are in England called Board schools, from the fact of their being governed by supervisory boards.

Of the Eton rowing one can only say that it existed before any history on the subject, in print to-day, was written, and next to Eton was Oxford, and following it Cambridge. Which was the first of the Oxford university colleges to put on a boat seems equally indefinite, for the records of this university, particularly of the early years before the forties, are singularly incomplete, and in most instances gathered entirely from private diaries. Christ Church, Brasenose (invariably written and spoken of as B. N. C.), Jesus, Exeter, Queen's and Balliol appear to have been the first on the river, and the great rivalry between Christ Church and B. N. C.

The Brasenose boat-club record covers a few of the early years between '30 and '37, but gives very little other than simply the number and names of the boats that were on the river, and contains nothing tangible of the earlier history.

As everybody knows, the first Oxford and Cambridge University race was in 1829, the second not until 1836, and another not until 1839. The intermediate years furnish interest chiefly from the increase of college crews on the river and the growing boating spirit.

The date of the first bumping race is quite beyond the historian's ken, but from the nature of the rivers at both Oxford and Cambridge it is highly probable it must have been the very earliest of the college racing. The story handed down of the origin of these races at Oxford tells of undergraduates who, having gone picnicking upon the Isis above the locks, and remaining until the last hour, raced back to get home betimes. No one has anything to say how the choice of turn at the locks was determined the first time, but it is simple to understand that, after several of these excursions, the boats took precedence according to their prowess, and that their place—or, as it is called, position—on the river soon became determined—as it is to-day—a survival of the fittest. Their method of getting out of the lock was as expeditious as curious; the stroke went forward, and, shoving against the sides of the lock, ran down the gunwale of the boat until he reached his seat, when he dropped into it and set to work. So soon as one boat got out another followed as quickly as possible, and then the next, and so on.

The transition from this primitive, if effective, method to the present bumping races seems simple, for there could not have been many of these early races before it became apparent that the width of the river would not permit an overtaking boat passing the one it was rowing down without danger of collision.

Thus it came about naturally that instead of attempting to pass, that crew was considered to have shown its superior speed that succeeded in overtaking and bumping a leading boat, in which event it took the bumped boat's turn in getting out of the lock at the next excursion up the Isis. The rule in force to-day on both university rivers, that one boat may not pass another on penalty of fine, owes its existence to the experiences of these early days.

H. W. Taunt & Co.

A RACING PUNT.
An ordinary Punt has the Ends decked over.

Of course it goes without saying that these first boats were of the kind known to us as lapstreaks, which Harvard-Yale used in their first races.

Although rowing was first taken up at Oxford, Cambridge seems to have been much ahead in the organization of its boating interests and in the completeness of its early records. The University Boat Club at Cambridge, indeed, was formed in 1827, but it would be extraneous to the subject in hand to go into uninteresting details, so that I shall confine myself to only historical matters that mark eras in the English university boating progress.

H. W. Taunt & Co.

AT THE STARTING-POSTS OF A BUMPING RACE.

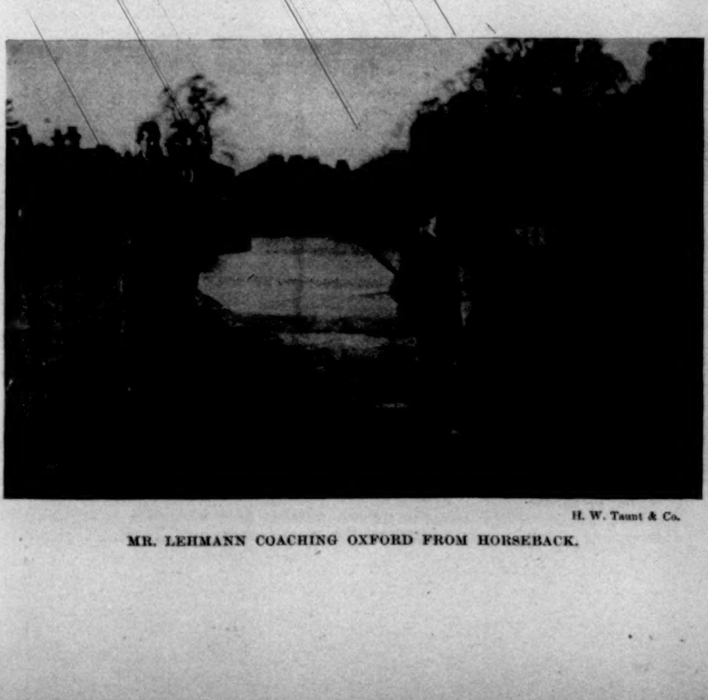
Among some old books at Oxford I unearthed a few records that seemed to me to be of interest to all students (whether English or American) of early university boating.

In 1837, Christ Church, Corpus Christi, Exeter, Balliol, Queen's, St. John's, and Wadham had boats on the river, and a curious foot-note to the statement says they "rowed without gang-board [whatever that may mean!], and started with a whole stroke instead of a half one as before." In this year, too, although there was no Oxford-Cambridge University race, Queen's College, as head of the river at Oxford, and St. John's, as occupying a similar position at Cambridge, raced 2¼ miles on the Thames, the former winning in 14 minutes and 10 seconds.

I could not discover the precise year the torpids began rowing, but references are made to them as being on the river in 1836.

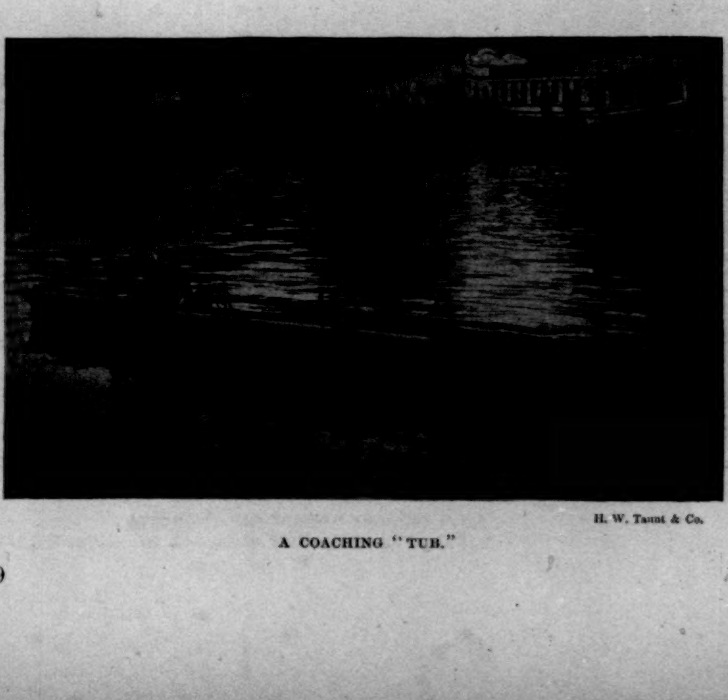
In 1838 the strokes of all the rowing colleges at Oxford met to consider a challenge from Cambridge to row in London, but at this time, as there was no university boat club at Oxford, and no 'varsity crew, Oxford proposed to row their first boat on the river against that of Cambridge, an offer the latter declined on the plea of their first boat's crew, St. John's, not being in good condition. The outcome of this challenge, however, was the formation that same year of the Oxford University Boat Club, "to have a crew continually practising for the defence of the university, and also funds to pay the expense of any race."

The following year they launched their first 'varsity boat, a description of which somewhat recalls the *Oneida* and *Shawmut*, the famous first university racing-boats of Harvard and Yale. It was christened *Isis*, was 51 feet 6 inches long, "colored white inside, with dark blue gunwale inside and out, oars up to neck painted white, with dark blue blades." Cambridge this same year had a boat 49 feet 6 inches in length, and passed a rule "that it should be manned



H. W. Taunt & Co.

MR. LEHMANN COACHING OXFORD FROM HORSEBACK.



H. W. Taunt & Co.

A COACHING "TUB."

by gentlemen steerers, and the crew to be undergraduates or those passed at the last examinations." Their crew averaged 11 stone 5 pounds (159 pounds).

College crews at this time could not have been confined to their own students, judging by some personal diaries which record as not an unusual thing Brasenose men rowing in an Exeter boat, or Queen's men rowing in a Corpus Christi boat. But in 1842 Balliol inaugurated a system, now general, by forming a boat club and restricting its crew to the undergraduates of its own college. They signalized this departure by launching a new boat, christened *St. Catharine*, which was quite the most ornate in English university boating history. It was built of oak, 52 feet long, "black and gold, with a red streak outside, oars varnished half-way down, blades black, with red ring between black and varnish, dolphins on blades, and college arms on the rudder."

It may be assumed that at this time the rowing spirit of the universities was increasing materially every year. The 'varsity crews created more enthusiasm, and so numerous did the candidates become for torpids and eights that in 1842 there was a rule passed at Oxford allowing colleges to put on two eights, provided they had also one torpid on the river. This rule, by-the-way, has been rescinded, since each college is permitted now to put on but one eight, although it may have two torpids.

It must not be supposed, however, that rowing was progressing at this period without hinderance. It would be curious indeed if it had been without set-backs, for the early history of no sport is entirely clear of obstacles, either in England or America.

The greatest difficulty with which English college boating-men had to contend was the evident disinclination of the university authorities to recognize their sport or restrain their active opposition.

I found in some musty old books a flat that had been pronounced against "playing of marbles on the steps of the Bodleian" (the famous library building of Oxford), and of "bowling of a hoop down High Street," the winding and picturesque thoroughfare of Oxford; yet again these university prerogatives were exercised, and touched the boating-men more closely, for in 1837 the Christ Church crew, when head of the river, was taken off, because rowing was not "gentlemanly amusement." But this opposition could have been only short-lived, for there is nothing to show that the sport was actually retarded, and it is evident that the undergraduate enthusiasm was not diminished by these strictures, for in 1858 Oxford had fourteen eights on the river, and as there are to-day only about twenty, it is evident the boating spirit was pretty keen at that time.

H. W. Taunt & Co.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT-HOUSE.

H. W. Taunt & Co.

THE ORIGINAL "TUB."

Turning now for a running glance at our own university boating by way of comparison, we find that while Oxford in 1858 had fourteen boats on the river, Harvard and Yale had rowed but two races, and at each boating was in its infancy. The Yale Boat Club, indeed, which has the honor of being the first rowing club in America, was formed in 1843, as every American college man knows, and the Harvard Boat Club in 1846. Between 1860 and 1864, when there were no races between Harvard and Yale, and the sport was having a particularly hard struggle for existence, Oxford was putting twenty-seven crews on the Isis annually—sixteen eights and eleven torpids. Oxford and Cambridge had their first boat-race in 1829; Harvard and Yale in 1852. It became a regular annual fixture with the former from 1856, with the latter from 1876. Oxford and Cambridge first used wooden outriggers in 1846; Yale introduced them in 1855. In 1857 the English crews rowed in boats without keel as they do to-day, and in the same year Harvard built a six-oared shell, the first one in America, 40 feet long (made short in order to turn a stake easily), of white pine, and fitted with iron outriggers. English universities used sliding seats for the first time in 1873; Yale in 1870. The English university best time is 18 minutes 47 seconds, made last year (1893) by Oxford in the race against Cambridge from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four miles and two furlongs, with a strong tide and wind in their favor, or, to quote from the records of the race, "an easterly wind on the back of a flood tide"; the American university best time is 20 minutes and 10 seconds, made by Yale against Harvard in 1888 over the four-mile course on the Thames at New London, with a fair tide. It is not possible to draw comparisons between the best times made by the Oxford and Yale crews. The course from Putney to Mortlake is a fast one, much more so than that on our own Thames, and last year it was especially favoring. Indeed, the tides of the Thames will average between four and six miles an hour, and it is a recorded fact that of late years they run up and out much quicker than formerly, owing to natural forces at work on the embankment and channel, therefore the crew of this year has much more favoring conditions, so far as pace of tide is concerned, than those of four or five years age.

Dropping history and coming down to the present, I believe I can give the clearest impression of the system and conditions of boat-racing at the English universities by telling how the crews are made up, what races they have, their training, etc. It may be understood that what I say applies to both Oxford and Cambridge, except one or the other is mentioned especially, though, generally speaking, Oxford is cited, from the fact of its crews standing pre-eminent in university racing.

By all odds the boating interest is the greatest one at both of the universities. I have heard it said by casual observers that football attracts greater crowds and creates more general interest, but my careful investigations during the visit to both universities have not borne out such assertions, and I believe I am right in saying that rowing appeals more generally to the undergraduates than any other single sport, not even excepting cricket. Nor are there more individual men actually playing cricket than rowing, taking the 'varsity, the college eights, and torpids into consideration. It is true that some of the men who row on the torpids are also on the eights, and that the 'varsity is necessarily recruited from the college eights; but that diminishes the total number of individual contestants very little; and, as a matter of fact, the same may be said also of cricket and football, for of those who play on their college elevens and fifteens a certain percentage are chosen for the 'varsity teams. Nor do I alter my statement as touching the drawing power of boating when I consider the Oxford-Cambridge Rugby Union and Association football matches played at Queen's in London, or the cricket match decided at Lords. Of the two, cricket draws by far the greater numbers, and, as I have said in an earlier article, certainly attracts a larger proportion of fashion than football (which we, with our Springfield and Thanksgiving-day games, can hardly understand), but neither of them, nor even both together, approach the great mass of spectators on the day of the Oxford-Cambridge boat-race that blacken the banks of the Thames, and the Putney, Hammersmith, and Barnes bridges that span the course from Putney to Mortlake. While the difference is not so greatly in favor of rowing at the college regattas at Oxford and Cambridge, the banks of the Isis and the Cam during the torpid races in February and the eights week in May, to say nothing of the other innumerable racing events throughout the year, ending with the trial eights in October, from which the 'varsity candidates are chosen, are lined with a host of spectators, largely in excess of the number to be found at the corresponding purely college events in cricket and football.

W. H. Grove.

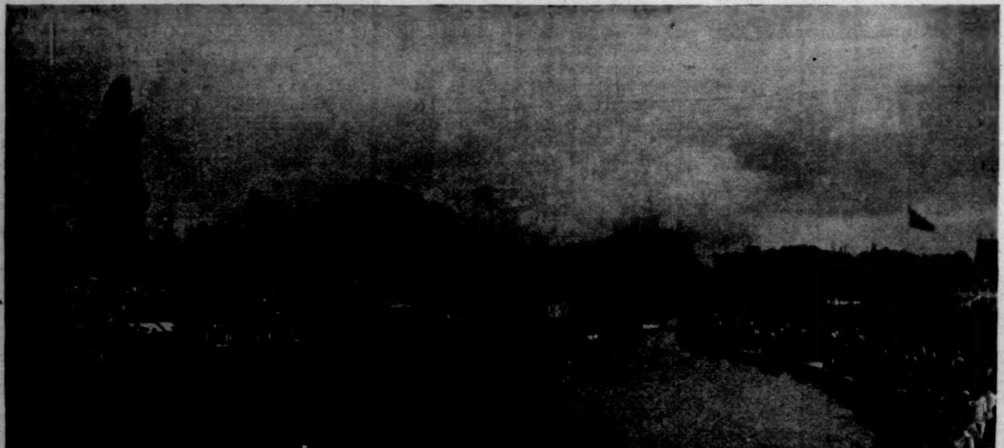
OXFORD BOAT—INTERIOR VIEW, LOOKING FORWARD, SHOWING POSITIONS OF SEATS AND FIXED ROWLOCKS.

The shell is cedar, 61 ft. 10 in. long; 23 in. wide; depth—amidships, 9 in.; forward, 6¼ in.; aft, 5¼ in. Fitted with 24-inch slides, stopped to 15 in. Oars, 12 ft. 5 in. long, with 3 ft. 9 in. leverage.

The boating spirit is keen indeed, and the strangest part of it, to my way of thinking, is its interest for every undergraduate in the university. It is a non-athletic man indeed (of whom there are extremely few) who does not take the liveliest concern in his college torpids or eights, or in some one of the numerous aquatic events that are going on through the season. Nor is his interest merely a perfunctory one; it may not be so vigorously exploited as we are accustomed to note at our football and baseball games, but you will find him down on the banks, and even may be, if he is particularly keen, running with his college boat.

It is unquestionably this especial spirit that has done more than anything else to raise the standard of English university rowing skill to its present plane, and it is one of the best lessons we in America can learn.

I deny that the English undergraduate is as much more athletic in his tendencies than the American undergraduate as the greater number of rowing-men at Oxford and Cambridge and the keener rowing spirit would indicate. While



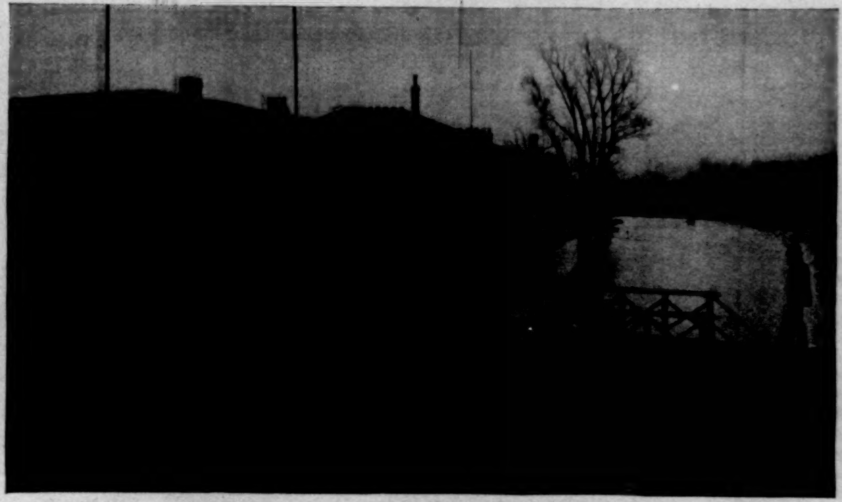
H. W. Taunt & Co.

A "BUMP" IN THE EIGHTS.

College Barges on the left; Men running with the Boats on Right Bank.

it is unquestionably true, as I have already written, that the English nation, and of course the English university men, are more generally inclined towards sport than are we, yet the paucity in numbers of our rowing-men may not be traced to the want of athletic inclination in our universities.

In the matter of water and of general rowing facilities, there is no comparison. The Oxford and Cambridge courses are to those of Harvard and Yale, or any other of the American university courses of which I know anything, as the (about) fifty-foot creek at Princeton is to the Charles River on which Harvard rows. The Isis at Oxford will average about as wide as a length and a half of a shell. The Cam at Cambridge is much narrower, so much so that two eight-oars can pass in safety only by each paddling very slowly. There are some parts of it where they cannot do even that. If, therefore, these English universities have developed such a prolific and far-reaching rowing spirit, and turned out so many crews, it is not because they have been favored by exceptional racing water. The very necessity of the bumping races, in vogue at both, bespeaks the difficulties with which they have had to contend. Neither can it be attributed to the greater quantity of material. I know it is the popular American idea that both Oxford and Cambridge have between 4000 and 5000 students each, but the facts are that the former has something like 2400, and the latter about 2800.



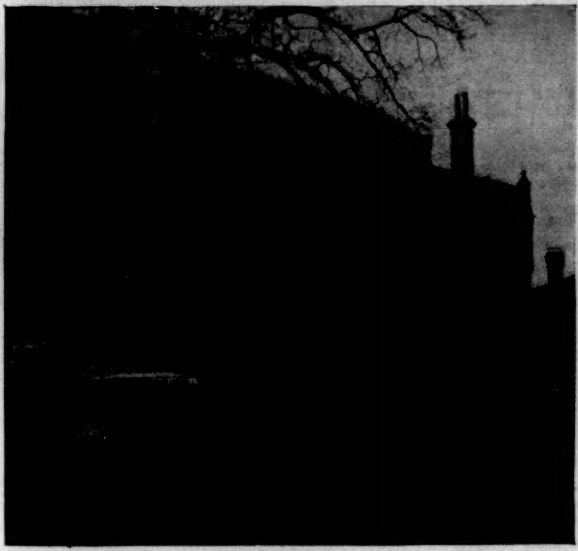
Scott & Wilkinson.

AT CAMBRIDGE—LOOKING DOWN THE CAM.

Boat-houses on left; Tow-path where Men run with the Boats on right.

The reason for this great rowing spirit at Oxford and Cambridge may be found in the encouragement given the undergraduates. Every man is taken into the confidence of his university boating doings. He is made to feel that he is part and parcel—as in very fact he is—of the general machinery that builds up the 'varsity, and he is given a daily opportunity of watching the crew which is to uphold the aquatic honor of his *alma mater*.

If he have any latent boating spirit in him, the natural result is that he will be found a candidate for his college torpids (which correspond to our Freshmen crews), or, if not physically fitted for rowing, on the banks running with them, or at least in the college barge lending their efforts the encouragement of his presence. Nor is the undergraduate, nor indeed the sport-loving public of England at large, deprived of an opportunity of watching the 'varsity crews when they have discontinued training on the college courses, and gone to Putney for the three weeks of final preparation for their great race.



W. H. Grove.

LONDON ROWING CLUB BOAT-HOUSE AT PUTNEY: USED BY OXFORD.

Bearing in mind the secretive methods of his own 'varsity crews at New London, it takes an American college man completely off his bearing to witness the absolute indifference of Oxford and Cambridge to either private or public supervision of their practice on the Thames.

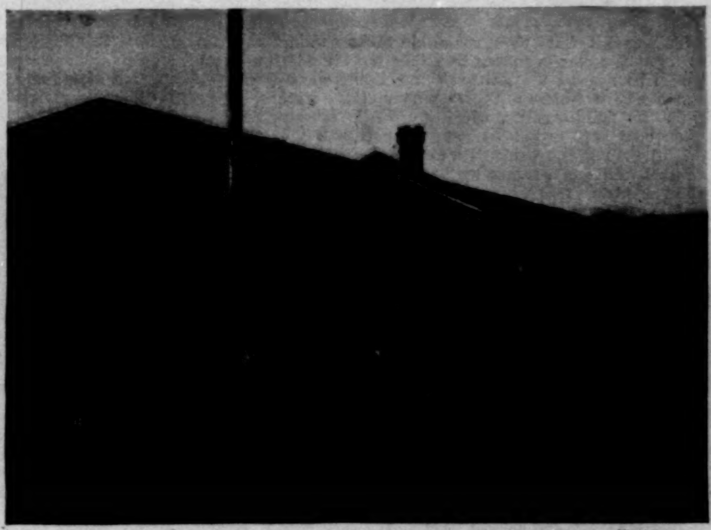
Nor is it attempted in the slightest degree to evade this publicity. On the contrary, the crews seem to appreciate the general interest taken in their work, and tacitly invite the public to come and enjoy it. The London daily newspapers regularly print the hour at which the men will go out on the river, morning and afternoon, and in consequence the banks are covered with all kinds of interested spectators.

Still further, this same feeling is carried into the very life of the oarsmen. The crews mingle at Putney in a thoroughly delightful manner, exchanging social amenities at quarters, and on occasion following one another about the river in the coaching launch. There are no spying substitutes sent out to return with tales that neither deteriorate the form of the watched nor improve that of the watcher.

This year—and it is not the first time on record, I am told—an old Cambridge "blue," Mr. R. C. Lehmann, together with Mr. D. H. McLean, who rowed his four years on the Oxford 'varsity, coached the Oxford crew. Probably it will give a clearer conception to the American college man of just how the reverse of secretive is the boating atmosphere at Oxford and Cambridge to say that, through the courtesy of Messrs. McLean and Lehmann, the HARPER'S WEEKLY photographer was without hesitation permitted to photograph the Oxford shell in which they defeated Cambridge last year and this. It was photographed to show the arrangement of seats, which differ from ours in being placed at the sides of the boat, instead of behind one another, as is the case with us. The Oxford and Cambridge boat-houses on the Thames stand side by side, and for all one sees to the contrary they might be the crews of a single university preparing to meet a common rival. It is certainly a most pleasing picture, and shows the true spirit of sportsmanship.

Surely no one will say, who is at all conversant with university rowing, that this spirit has militated one iota against their form or the English university record table.

It is easy to see after visiting Oxford and Cambridge how such a rowing spirit is bred in the undergraduate, and why at the English universities so large a proportion of the student body is actively engaged in boating.



W. H. Grove.

LEANDER ROWING CLUB BOAT-HOUSE AT PUTNEY: USED BY CAMBRIDGE.

It is not necessary to point out to American college men the dissimilar methods in vogue with us, where the candidates for class crews and the 'varsity almost steal away to their work, wellnigh unannounced, and certainly unattended. We all know that, with the exception of the Freshmen, the class crews receive but indifferent coaching and a paltry amount of encouragement from the undergraduate body through their long period of training. It is true that of late years the Freshmen have received much better coaching than previously, and that their practice creates more general interest, which is good, and due entirely, of course, to the annual inter-university Freshmen races at New London, but the actual number of those that follow their work to the day of the race is still nevertheless small.

The number of undergraduates who watch the work of the 'varsity day by day is decidedly less. While the men are in the tanks there is good reason for the small attendance in the limited vantage-ground for observation. But that does not account for the fact that when the 'varsity has begun work on the river, practically none but the coaches follow their work. Sometimes, possibly, occasional enthusiasts will stroll down to the bank and endeavor to catch a glimpse of the crew, but they are few and scattered. The explanation is to be found in the unfortunate fact that not only does the university boat club fail to invite their attendance, but puts itself distinctly on record as not wishing it.

That the undergraduate and that university men generally would be more than pleased to follow the work of their crews throughout their training season is evidenced beyond question by their tremendous outpouring on the day of the annual race at New London.

It is folly to ignore the interest of the undergraduate in the 'varsity crew, and doubly so with us, for I am sure it is answerable for the decided lack of rowing spirit in our American universities. The excuse that the 'varsity does not wish its form "given away" to the undergraduate is an absurd one, for the simple reason that the average undergraduate of the present day is hardly capable of criticising a crew. Glaring faults he may detect, but scarcely any others that would not be immediately apparent to the veriest landsman. And even if he were capable of criticising, why should it not be regarded as an encouraging sign of a growing boating spirit?

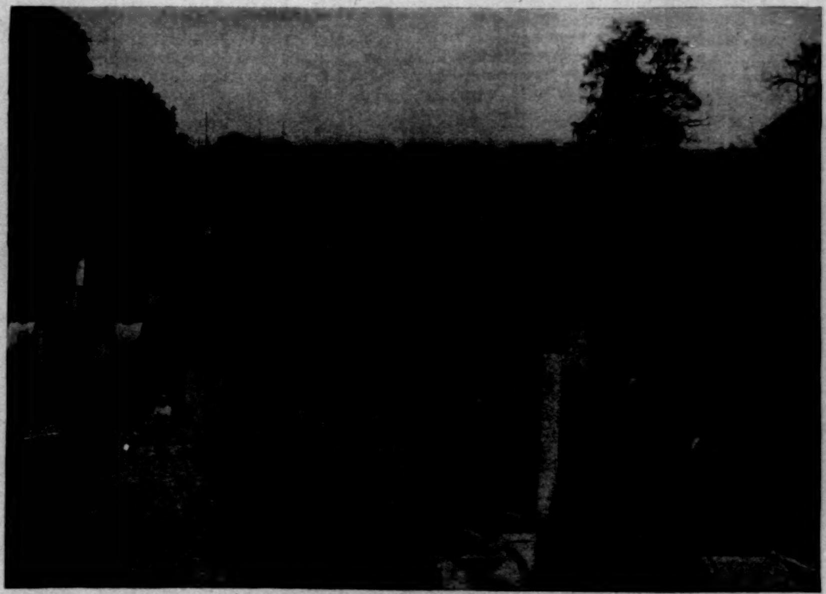
What we need in America is greater interest in and more attention given our class crews, and the undergraduate encouraged to watch the 'varsity as often and in as large numbers as he likes.

I have always been of the opinion, and now, after my studies of English university system and my observation of the excellent results, I am convinced, that the secretive methods which prevail in the management of our university crews, and our tendency to make big gates at our football and baseball games, are two of the most reprehensible features of American university sport, and that must work to its harm.

The English boating year begins in February, and goes on almost uninterruptedly until December, if, indeed, there may be said to be an end to it. In February the torpid races are held. In May the college eights race for "position" on the river. In midsummer there are singles, pairs, fours, and scratch races without number, to say nothing of canoe, punt, sailboat, and tub races, and various other aquatic sports, including the Naumachia, a mimic sea-battle which furnishes a great deal of fun to men in tubs and clinkers.

The torpids (called Lents at Cambridge, because coming in the Lent term), as I have already said, correspond to our Freshmen crews. It is the first boat in which the university oarsman makes his début, and if he proves himself worthy he becomes a candidate for his college eight.

Each college is allowed to put on as many torpid eights as it likes—at least there is no rule limiting the number, though I believe two are the most any college has ever mustered. They have usually been divided into two divisions for their races, but this year there were so many second torpids that it was found necessary to add a third division. The boats they use are clinker-built, with fixed seats, and these and all others used in bumping races have a rubber ball about two inches in diameter fixed on the extreme point of the bow, to provide against possibility of injury to the cockswain when the bump is made.



H. W. Taunt & Co.

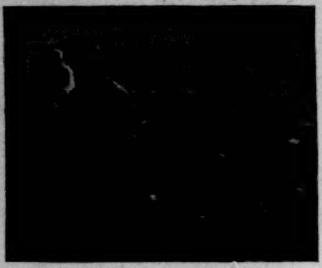
AT OXFORD—LOOKING DOWN THE ISIS FROM FOLLY BRIDGE.

College Barges on left; Tow-path where Men run with the Boats on right; Boat-house in Distance.

The story of the bumping race was so picturesquely told by Richard Harding Davis in his "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE last summer, that I shall not spoil so masterly a pen-picture by any supplementary and halting tale of mine. I shall confine myself merely to the technical side, and advise a careful study of the accompanying chart, which shows the position of the college eights at the beginning of their races last May ('93) and at the finish. The system applies equally to eights and to torpids racing.

Published by Hill & Saunders.

Taking this chart, then, as a guide, and assuming the boats to be at the starting-posts awaiting the signal-gun, No. 1 would be nearest the finishing-line, about one mile away, and No. 23 would be at the extreme end, the farthest away from the finishing-line, which would be about 1¼ miles. Each boat is placed about 130 feet apart, and held in position by men on the bank with long poles, and by the cockswain holding to a rope which is attached to the bank and known as the "bung," from its having a bit of wood at the end that floats it when cast off. The boats are started simultaneously, and the object of each is to catch and bump the one in front of it, when both stop instantly, pulling up to the side of the bank to give the others passageway. Take Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by way of example: If No. 3 bumped No. 2, then in the next day's rowing No. 3 would be 2d, and No. 2 would have dropped down one place. If the next day No. 4 bumped No. 3, then No. 3 would have gone down another place. The racing is continued for a week, and as only one place can be gained in a day, it is easily seen that the progression toward the head of the river, even if a bump is made every day, is rather slow. Where there are divisions there is always a sandwich boat; that is, suppose 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 constituted one division and 7, 8, 9, 10 a second division. That would leave No. 6 the sandwich boat, and in the unfortunate position of having to row oftener than the others, for it must not only race at the bottom of the first division, but at the head of the second, and it stays there until it bumps the last boat in the first division, when it assumes that place, and the last boat of the first division becomes the sandwich boat, where it sticks until it regains the lost place or is bumped by the first boat in the second division, when it gets out of the sandwich, but has lost a point.



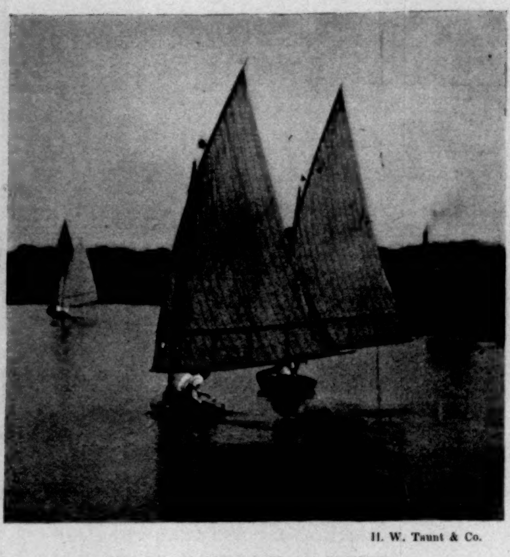
H. W. Taunt & Co.

"TUBBING."

Of course it is unnecessary to say that the first division of the torpids stands higher on the river than the second. They might, for instance, to put it clearer before the American mind, be called the first and the second Freshmen.

The form of the torpids is, of course, not very good, and this year it was below the average, I am told. Certainly it was not good, at least from an American point of view.

The coaching of the torpids is done by some member of their college eights, and their training amounts to very little. There is no pretence at gymnasium-work. In fact, I may say there is no gymnasium-work done by any of the English university oarsmen—neither university owning a gymnasium, though each has the use of rather ancient affairs. There is very little in-door work of any description except at racquets and fives at either Oxford or Cambridge, and only desultory attempts at fencing, boxing, and single-stick. Their season permits rowing all the year round, and of course that is much better training for the oarsmen than all the pulleys ever manufactured. Nor is there any regular routine of exercise aside from work on the river, except running, when the condition of the men requires it. They have no training table, and, as I have said in another paper, there is no trainer either for crews or teams in an English university.



H. W. Taunt & Co.

SAILING ON THE ISIS AT OXFORD.
Showing Shape and Rigging of the local Centre-boarder.

When in training it is customary for them to breakfast together as guests of some member of their particular college, and to dine together at their own expense, and every man who rows joins the University Boat Club, and pays £3 10s. ($17 50).

Although the interest is great in the torpids and their races, that which is evinced in the practice of the eights (called Mays at Cambridge, because coming in that term) and in their regatta in May is much keener, which is natural, since the eights, as representatives of their colleges, race for supremacy on the river, and "eights week" is the most attractive one of the season at either of the universities.

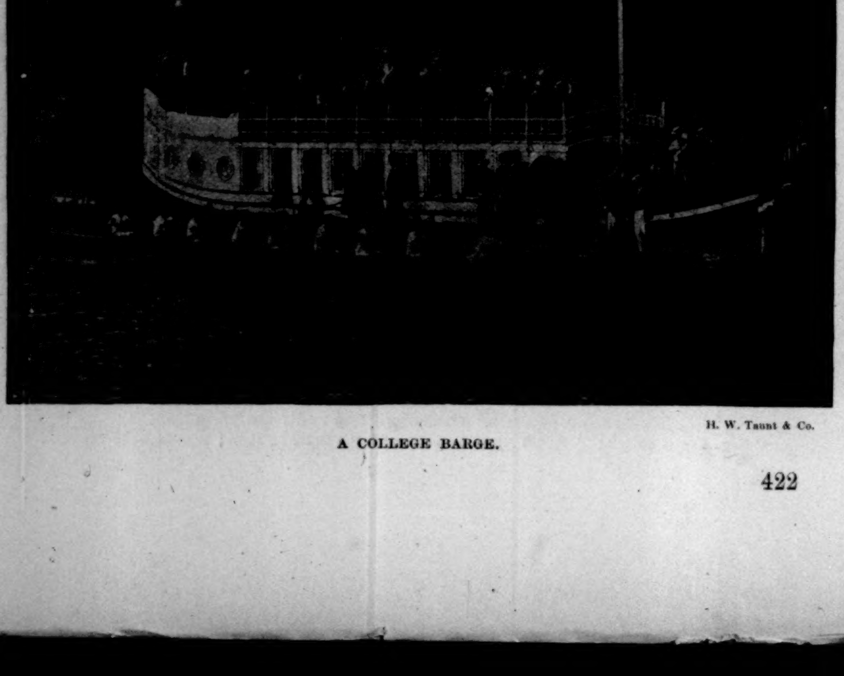
There is very little more pretence made at training; like the torpids, they are invited out to breakfast by the different men of the college, and at times, when the interest is very keen, they are even dined.

At the beginning of the season a list is posted at the porter's lodge of each college for the names of those who wish to subscribe themselves as hosts, and it is another instance of the boating spirit to say that the list includes practically all the members of the college.

They are coached by an old 'varsity oar who happens to be a member of their college, or, in the event of none being available, by a 'varsity oar of some other college, and during their practice the tow-paths along both the Isis and the Cam will be filled with coachers on horseback, and I have seen one on a bicycle. A coacher in an English university, until he goes up with the crew to Putney, where the final touches are put on, does not have the luxury of a steam-launch. The bumping races of the eights are conducted on the same system as those of the torpids, the only difference being that they are started 160 feet apart instead of 130 feet, and that their boats have sliding seats.

Of the races in midsummer, that include the singles, pair oars, scratch eights, etc., it is only necessary to say that some extremely good rowing is to be seen, and that they are thorough sporting events. These races, however, are general to the university, and a scratch four may be made up from as many different colleges as there are oars in the boat, while a pair may have, for instance, one Brasenose man and the other from Balliol.

The most important event of the year, so far as touching university representation, is the trial eights, which takes place in the first week in December. During the racing of the torpids the captain (called president in English universities) of each college eight has his eyes open for suitable candidates for the college eight, and in "eights week" the captain of the University Boat Club and the coaches are looking for likely material for the 'varsity crew. After the summer regattas sixteen of the best men are chosen, and made into two crews, and these race to decide which shall be picked as the nucleus for the 'varsity boat, the substitute or substitutes being selected (though not necessarily) from the unsuccessful eight. The Cambridge trials are rowed over the Adelaide course at Ely, on the Ouse, about three miles against a slow stream. The Oxford trials race with the stream about two miles, at Moulsford-on-Thames. The former take about nineteen minutes, and the latter little over ten, and both row in heavy-built clinker boats on sliding seats. From this time the 'varsity crew may be considered as being in existence, though it does not by any means begin work until about January 10th, nor go into serious training until about six weeks before the inter-university race on the Thames.



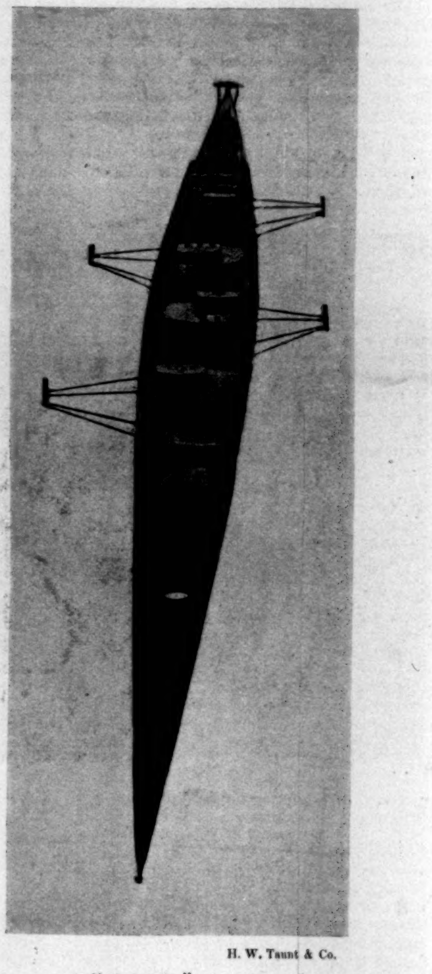
H. W. Taunt & Co.

A COLLEGE BARGE.

Once they have gone into training their regular coaching begins, and they breakfast and dine together every day on the invitation and at the expense of one member of the crew, each in his turn, which continues until they go down to Putney, where they live together in quarters, and have a regular training table at the expense of the University Boat Club.

The manner of electing the 'varsity crew president (captain) differs at the two universities. At Oxford the captains of *the* college crews only are the electors, each college of the university thereby having but one vote. At Cambridge the captains of all the college crews, *i. e.*, torpids and eights, form the electing committee. Thus one college may have more votes than another, and the advisability of the system has been questioned by old Cambridge men who have noted yearly in the 'varsity boat the representation of Trinity (which has four times as many undergraduates as any other college at Cambridge), while more promising material in other and smaller colleges was ignored. The Cambridge boat in fact seems to stand in need of more unity and less Trinity.

It has often been stated in these very columns that neither Oxford nor Cambridge experiences anything like the difficulty of Harvard and Yale in turning out a 'varsity boat. And it is true, for there is no comparison whatsoever between the making up of crews at the English and American universities. While our difficulty is infinitely greater, however, it seems it would be much simpler if we patterned after the Englishmen in building up a boating spirit—creating more interest and rivalry in class crews, and not shutting out the undergraduate from all chance of keeping in touch with the 'varsity.



H. W. Taunt & Co.

A "CLINKER" FOUR-OAR.

Of the form of the Oxford University—and I particularize because certainly this year its crew rowed much better than that of Cambridge—I should say that the first impression made is of its power and its pace-making quality. They get a tremendous reach, their leg-work is a strong and excellent feature, and they swing well back, farther than does Yale, getting their hands away quickly, and not hanging an instant on the catch.

Despite the power of the stroke, however, I noted they did not cover their "spaces" more than do we.

I timed the Oxford eight the last week at Putney—8 minutes 31½ seconds for 2 miles and 250 yards, at a stroke averaging 34 to 36 a minute, and with a strong tide and wind in their favor; 21 minutes and 49 seconds over the course of 4 miles and 2 furlongs, with a fair tide, rather roughish water, and no wind in their favor, rowing from 32 to 36 strokes; and 2 miles and 4 furlongs in 12 minutes and 32 seconds in rough water. The number of strokes to the minute in practice and in racing is practically like ours—from 34 to 37–8.

They do not impress you as such a finished crew as Yale has turned out. There is a screwing of the bodies, and at times very nearly a swinging out of the boat, that give the crew rather an awkward appearance, increased by the position of the seats, and I was somewhat surprised in following directly astern to see that, in rough water, the shell travelled on a remarkably even keel. If they rowed in a shell such as ours, *i. e.*, with the seats directly back one of the other, longer outriggers, and swivel rowlocks, I am of the opinion that they would find it impossible, with the present apparent indifference to the body, to keep the shell on so even a keel as they do with their present style of seats, their shorter outriggers, and fixed rowlocks. If the members of a Yale

crew worked their bodies as do these English university men they would not get much pace on.

Their blade-work is excellent, and their watermanship, naturally, from the practice they get, particularly good.

The chief difference between their rowing and ours is the enormous reach and the longer swing back of the perpendicular. They slide up to about 1½" of their work, catch without a hang, pull the stroke through, and have a very pretty and easy recover.

They do not seem to row the stroke through to the very end, however, as hard as we do, and the cockswain's head checks up on the bank more than we should like to see it in one of our 'varsity crews. Whether their form or ours puts the greater pace on the boat can only be decided, however, by a race, which looks to me at present as an event of the near future, possibly this coming September, and on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake.

And that reminds me, by-the-bye, I learned in England that the man who masqueraded in New York last winter as a brother of Guy Nickalls, the famous Oxford sculler, and as a representative of the Oxford Boat Club, was an impostor, and his statement that the English crew would come over and row us provided we paid its expenses, pure fiction. The English university man is too good a sportsman to even dream of such a proposition. He will pay his own crew's way when it comes to America, and give ours a royal welcome when it goes to England.

THIS BUSY WORLD

COMPLAINT comes from Chicago of the apparent willingness of American story-writers to let their British brethren gobble up all the readers on both sides of the salt water. It is charged in scurrilous terms that our chief story-tellers are not working as they should; that Mr. Howells "has not put out an extraordinary effort for months"; that Mr. Aldrich is "knitting tidies for the poets' chairs of the magazines"; that Miss Wilkins "has not exceeded her former admirable efforts"; that no particularly fresh cloud of incense curls up before Frank Stockton or Mark Twain; that "nobody seems to be quite sure what has become of Mr. Cable"; that Mr. Hamlin Garland is resting; that it seems to be Mr. Hopkinson Smith's season to work at engineering; and that there are no rising lights of prominence among the younger authors, unless Mr. Henry Fuller and Mr. Davis are they. This is, indeed, a grewsome cry, and not altogether just. The results of the recent industry of Mark Twain are understood to be very much to the taste of the readers of *The Century;* Mr. Cable is not lost, but can be found any day at the sign of *Scribner's Magazine;* Mr. Marion Crawford, who is an American writer just now, shows no lack of application, or of appreciation either. General Wallace published a book not very long ago which got readers and attention, and is still getting both by wholesale. Nevertheless, there is some substance to this deliverance from Chicago. It is true that whatever folks have read, the books that they have most talked about very lately have been books by British writers. One lazy reader, who apparently reads no novels except those that are so gossiped about that he has to read them in order to seem alive, makes this confession: "Within four months I have read these tales—*The Heavenly Twins*, because I found it necessary; *Ships that Pass in the Night*, because I was told to; *Marcella*, because having incautiously peeped into it I could not get away; *The Yellow Aster*, out of curiosity, which was glutted in twenty minutes. I have also read *Trilby*, on the instalment plan; and I bought *Dodo*, intending to read that, but an unscrupulous friend who could not wait stole it from me. Other new novels have I read none, or scarcely any, though I confess to sundry short magazine stories."

This may be a damaging confession for an American reader to make, but it is suspected that it comes very near to being the confession of an average reader. Very possibly it represents a temporary relation between supply and demand, but it is a fact that for six months past our cousins in England, and especially our woman cousins, have competed with rather remarkable success for the attention of American readers.

But, industrious as they have been, I know of one successful book they have not written yet, though I dare say it will be written presently. The story of a shadow was once written, and proved a very readable tale. Why should not the "notice" of a book that has not been written yet make a readable book notice? Suppose, for instance, it was such a notice as this:

How much basis there is for the report of the enthusiasm of Lord Rosebery over Judith Patterson's most recent story it is not quite easy to determine. The letter he is said to have written about it has not yet got into print, and word-of-mouth reports of letters are by no means as reliable as the documents themselves. There is no doubt, however, that Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Patterson's novel might easily have edified Lord Rosebery to the full extent that has been hinted. It gets its title, *Coniah*, from Scripture—Coniah, as properly instructed readers will not need to be told, being the individual regarding whom the Hebrew prophet inquired (Jer. xxii. 28) whether he was indeed a despised broken idol and a vessel in which there was no fun left. It was time that Coniah received some consideration in England, and that some of the extenuating facts in his case were set forth. That a woman should have undertaken this benevolent work is only surprising at first sight. Who else would be so capable? Who knows as much about Englishmen as English women do? and who in these days impart their information with more heroic candor? Old fogies will be surprised that Miss Patterson's disclosures are checked by so slight a shade of reticence; but only old fogies will be surprised at that. Men, to be sure, since Fielding's time have been content to relate a little less than all they know, but the modern woman writer has not yet formed the habit of repression. Perhaps it will come to her when the novelty of her knowledge has worn off, or she has got more used to pens and ink and printers' proofs; but at present, certainly, she is a new broom in the Palace of Truth.

It is Miss Patterson's profound acquaintance with the contemporary male that makes her kindness toward him important as well as touching. One feels even in following such a career as Coniah's that man has his uses too, and his extenuating traits and impulses. Her introduction of triplets into her story is, possibly, unique in fiction, and though it is perhaps the reflection of a recent experiment with twins, the reader will not deny that it is justified by the opportunity it gives to illustrate the freakish working of the principle of heredity in differentiating individuals who ought to be just alike.

The passage where Mathilda, about to plunge into the swollen torrent to rescue Coniah, suddenly realizes the hinderance of garb, makes one of the most breathless incidents in modern fiction. The convulsive clash between ladylike reserve and the conviction that the rescue is impossible to a woman in stays and skirts, is pictured with an intensity that leaves the reader gasping, and he groans with relief when, quicker than speech, a little heap of gear upon the bank and the splash of water attest the superiority of an earnest woman to her husk. Of this incident the dress-reformers may be trusted to make the most.

So runs the review, for the rest of which space is lacking. As has been explained, the book has not been written yet, and any industrious writer who cares to undertake it is welcome to the use of the title and incidents above disclosed.

The old University Building on Washington Square has long been the only building in New York wherein for five dollars a week and upwards imaginative bachelors could surround themselves with all the comforts of life in a feudal castle in the Middle Ages. There was no other building in New York where Warrington and Pendennis could possibly have put up in their bohemian days, and there is no prospect that there will ever be another place in New York where they could have been happy, unless, possibly, after Columbia College has moved up town, bachelors shall be sheltered in some of its present buildings. But even such quarters would be modern, whereas the University Building was unapproachably mediæval. It has been asserted that the comforts of modern life pamper the body to the detriment of the soul's flights. Poetry and modern plumbing have been held to be hopelessly antagonistic. In the old building on Washington Square (old, that is, for New York) the imagination had things all its own way, untrammelled and unharassed by modern conveniences.

It is known that a university was sheltered in the University Building, but it was never in the way, or took up an inconvenient amount of room. The important tenants of the building were the lodgers. It was expected of every lodger that he should contain the elements of romance, or that at least he should be queer. To this expectation the lodgers lived up with remarkable devotion. They were usually queer when they came there to live, but if not, they lost no time in becoming so. Every reasonable form of eccentricity was tolerated there except default in the payment of rent, and even in that particular chronic reluctance to a degree just short of default was often condoned.

There will be a new building on the site of the old one, which will be handsomer, perhaps, and hold more tenants, and have elevators and hot and cold water and carpeted corridors, and will perhaps pay much more rent; but it will not be noticed, for there are hundreds of such buildings in New York. But the old building will be missed, for there are no more like it, and no prospect that there ever will be; and where its tenants can go and feel at home it is hard to say, unless, possibly, they can get admitted to the Tombs.

The most ambitious contemporary realist seems to be Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts, who grumbles about the chimes rung in the Old North Church on Patriots' day because they were rung on British bells by British ringers. The Governor declares that he cares nothing for imitations; he wants the real thing. Next year arrangements should be made to procure a company of redcoats, who would consent for a consideration to be chased vigorously on Patriots' day, to the popping of blank cartridges, from Concord to Boston.

There are drawbacks to the obligation to employ a receiver which are doubtless appreciated by so experienced a man of business as Mr. Mark Twain. Still most experiences bring their compensations, and it may presently be some solace to Mr. Twain to reflect that he will go down to posterity in no less distinguished company than that of Walter Scott. Scott found the business of writing books immensely remunerative, and the business of publishing them vexatious and costly. So, in a limited measure, has Mark Twain, and three paragraphers out of five who have recently condoled with him have mentioned the analogy. Mr. Twain has somewhere expressed his preference that the bulk of the reward of his endeavors should be paid to him in cash. No doubt that form of reward is handiest; but distinguished associations are worth something, and so practical a man as he would not expect to enjoy them without paying their price. All the same, a great multitude of Mr. Twain's friends hope that he will get his distinguished associations very cheap.

Mr. Kipling complains that dyspepsia is epidemic in America; but that is a stale cry. We don't have dyspepsia any more, at least not very much. We have nervous prostration; that's all. We don't understand English comfort, he says; everything here is too temporary for that, and "America feels like a vast camp." Now we know why Mr. Kipling lives here. He likes camps; he always did. If he insists upon having careless repose in this eager land, he should leave that untamed Vermont region which he affects, and come and put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York.

The Architectural League has been discussing the subject of tall buildings, and the question is whether they must be restricted, or can be trusted to work out their own limitations. It is felt that if the narrow downtown streets in New York are to be lined with buildings two or three hundred feet high, persons who have to grope about the bases of these structures will find life a gloomy pilgrimage. Probably the buildings will work out their own problem. It costs a great deal to build a fifteen-story building, and capitalists will not dare to put them upon any but first-rate sites, corner lots, and places where the light and outlook are unobstructed. Every new tall building that goes up makes the unobstructed view a scarcer commodity, a consequence of which is the tendency of every new building to try to crawl up higher than any of its neighbors, so that the ten-story buildings that looked high five years ago seem reasonably low now by comparison with the higher ones of more recent erection. Too many very tall buildings on a narrow street will make the whole street unattractive, and drive away enough business to check further tall construction; but if artificial or legislative restriction is thought to be needed, inasmuch as the sky-high buildings can hardly be profitable except so long as they enjoy a monopoly of the upper atmosphere, an equitable way to check them might be to tax every story above the eighth in a ratio increasing directly to its altitude, and let the law of demand and supply do the rest.

E. S. MARTIN.

SHADDING IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE shad begin to go up the Hudson early in April. Then fykes and fish-pounds fill the shoals, and drift-nets and gill-nets the deeper waters. For over a month everything in the shape of a net is at work night and day to prevent the fish from reaching the spawning-grounds.

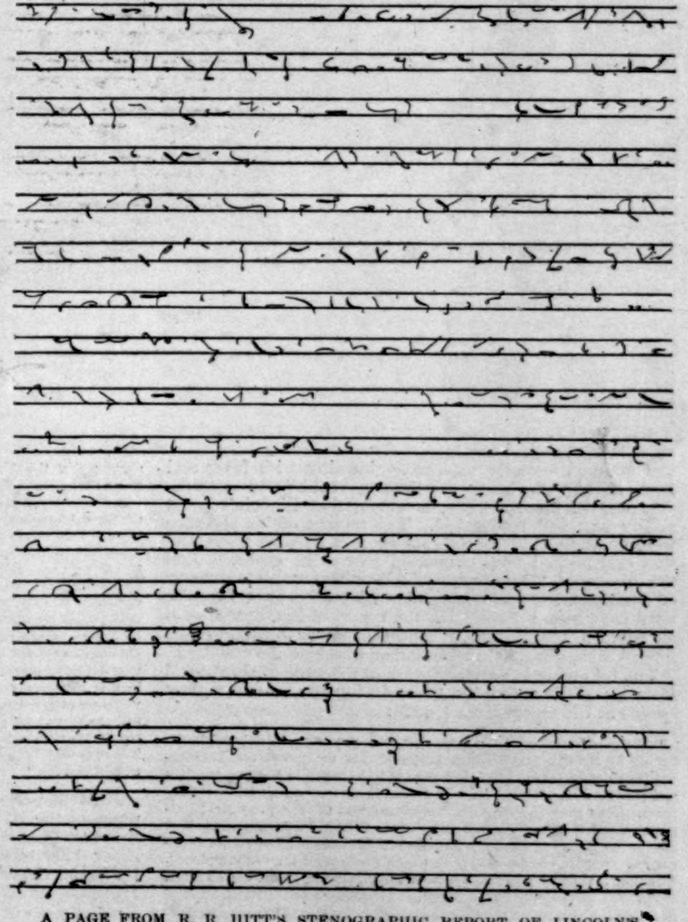
Driving a pole, from sixty-five to eighty-five feet long, ten feet into the harbor bottom, is no easy task, especially as the top of the pole must bend enough to enable a tow to pass over it without doing damage. The poles are of hickory, and usually are in two pieces spliced together, as a tree of the required length is generally too heavy at the butt. The finished pole is from ten to twelve inches in diameter, sharply pointed to go into the mud. A favorable day is taken advantage of; the poles are loaded on the machine-boats (two heavy boats made for the purpose, lashed together with strong timbers) and taken to the desired position in the stream. When by soundings the exact spot is found, the double boat is anchored, bow and stern, and on either side. Then a shad-pole is run out and lowered; when the pointed end rests on the bottom the setting-machine is screwed on firmly. This is a bar of wood about twelve feet long, to the middle of which is fastened a hinged collar which can be closed and screwed fast to the pole. Ten or twelve men take hold of this cross-piece, and at first raise and lower it gently until a hole is started in the mud; then they raise it higher and higher, bringing it down with increased force each time, until at last it is bedded so deeply in the mud that the "devil" alone can pull it out. But the "devil" referred to is a tool used for this very purpose, and very hard work it is to manage it.

The men must work well together, and the captain's cry of "Uh-uh-up! Down!" serves to keep them together. The poles are twenty-four feet apart, the width of a net. As one pole is put down the side anchor is carried along another twenty-four feet by the aid of a tender, then the large boat moves up to its new anchorage. In this way they move along, planting their poles at regular intervals. A hickory hoop with a weight attached to one side and a gill-net to the other is slipped over the poles, thus keeping the nets in place, and enabling them to be raised and lowered. Every tide, in storm or fog, they are carefully looked after.

In the shoal water along the Jersey coast may be seen what appear to be hedges of brush sticking out of the water. These are part of the fence erected for catching shad in "fykes." As the shad travel along these fences hunting for an opening they find the entrance to the "fykes," which are really nothing more than traps placed at intervals along the fence. The "fyke" is visited every tide, lifted into the boat, and the fish taken out.

THE HON. R. R. HITT.

THE Representative of the Sixth Illinois District, the Hon. Robert Roberts Hitt, is one of the most accomplished and interesting members of Congress. No public man in America has had a more varied, picturesque, clever, and useful career. He was born in Ohio, at Urbana, sixty years ago, the second son of the Rev. Thomas S. Hitt, who removed to Illinois in 1837 and established his home at Mount Morris—ever since the family homestead. The father founded the Rock River Seminary and died young. Robert's schoolmates testify that he was a singularly proficient boy, standing when twelve



A PAGE FROM R. R. HITT'S STENOGRAPHIC REPORT OF LINCOLN'S SPEECH, MADE AT CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1859.

years of age at the head of his classes, though many of the students were much older. When in school he became fascinated with short-hand, and practised it with the greatest assiduity, first reporting the instructions of his teachers. Then he had books read to him, and took them down, finding that after each three days' work he could increase his speed. With infinite painstaking he became a rapid and accurate phonographer, and this achievement was the foundation of his fortunes. He was a law and newspaper reporter in Chicago in 1857, and soon his expertness gave him abundant employment. He was acquainted as a reporter with Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer, and at Lincoln's request was engaged to make full reports of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858. In the reminiscences of an old citizen of Illinois, Albert Woodcock, we read of the debate at Freeport:

"A stand was erected in the field adjacent to the city. Thousands of people gathered about the platform. The speakers were ready. The throng was impatient. The tall form of Lincoln arose. He looked anxiously over the crowd. He called out: 'Where's Hitt? Is Hitt present?' Hitt, from the extreme outskirts of the living mass, answered, 'Here I am, but I cannot get to the platform.' The good-natured people understood the situation. They seized the slender youth and passed him over their heads to the stand."

This scene was burlesqued by the Chicago *Times* as follows:

"Mr. Lincoln: 'Fellow-citizens, ladies, and gentlemen—'

"Deacon Bross (one of the proprietors of the Chicago *Tribune*): 'Hold on, Lincoln, you can't speak yet; Hitt ain't here, and there is no use of your speaking unless the *Tribune* has a report.'

"Mr. Lincoln: 'Ain't Hitt here? Where is he?'

"A voice: 'Perhaps he is in the crowd.'

"Deacon Bross advanced to the front of the stand and spoke: 'If Hitt is in the crowd, please come forward. Is Hitt in the crowd?'"

The story was current that Lincoln was always asking, "Where is Bob Hitt?" And "Bob" found himself famous. He happened in this connection to do an important historical service. All civilized people know now how excellent was Lincoln's command of language, and how admirable his literary form. He was a master of speech; but during the Lincoln-Douglas campaign the Douglas party assailed him as illiterate, and charged that Hitt touched up all his speeches so as to make them presentable. In this relation we quote a passage of a celebrated speech by Lincoln in the phonographic notes written by Mr. Hitt, and the words as he transcribed them. The fact is, Mr. Hitt's short-hand was frequently written out by an assistant, and he did not see the transcription from his notes until it was printed. It was the fashion of the opponents of Mr. Lincoln at the time to assert that he was no match in debate for Douglas, and to ridicule him as tremulous and confused and cutting a most grotesque and imbecile figure. Here are some of the headlines of the Chicago *Times* over the Ottawa debate:

"Lincoln Breaks Down. Lincoln's Heart Fails Him. Lincoln's Tongue Fails Him. Lincoln's Arms Fail Him. Lincoln Fails All Over. The People Refuse to Support Him. The People Laugh at Him."

And this: "During Douglas's last speech Lincoln had suffered severely, alternately burning with fever and then chilled with shame—his limbs got cold."

It was in these debates, however, that Lincoln's great ability was first recognized. The reports of his speeches were by some of his opponents made a horrible mess, and they said he had been "reported just as he spoke." And the *Times* said, "Any person who heard at Ottawa the speech of Abraham, alias Old Abe, alias Abe, alias Spot Lincoln, must have been astonished at the report of that speech as it appeared in the *Tribune*." And they stuck to this. Hitt's reports were absolutely accurate, and became the standard.

The following is a transcription of the page of short-hand from Mr. Hitt's note-book, taken during Mr. Lincoln's great speech at Chicago, **March** 1, 1859:

"At the last session of Congress there was a measnre introduced in the Senate by Mr. Crittenden which proposed that the pro-slavery Lecompton Constitution should be left to a vote to be taken in Kansas, and if it and slavery were adopted Kansas should be at once admitted as a slave State. That same measnre was introduced into the House by Mr. Montgomery, and therefore got the name of the Crittenden-Montgomery bill; and in the House of Representatives the Republicans all voted for it under the peculiar circumstances in which they found themselves placed. You may remember also that the New York *Tribune*, which was so much in favor of our electing Judge Douglas to the Senate of the United States, has not yet got through the task of defending the Republican party, after that one vote in the House of Representatives, from the charge of having gone over to the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Now just how long would the New York *Tribune* have been in getting rid of the charge that the Republicans had abandoned their principles if we had taken up Judge Douglas, adopted all his doctrines, and elected him to the Senate, when the single vote upon that one point so confused and embarrassed the position of the Republicans that it has kept the *Tribune* one entire year arguing against the effect of it?

"This much being said on that point, I wish now to add a word that has a bearing on the future. The Republican principle, the profound central truth that slavery is wrong and ought to be dealt with as a wrong, though we are always to remember the fact of its actual existence among us, and faithfully observe all the constitutional guarantees—the unalterable principle never for a moment to be lost sight of that it is a wrong and ought to be dealt with as such, cannot advance at all upon Judge Douglas's ground—that there is a portion of the country in which slavery must always exist; that he does not care whether it is voted up or voted down, as it is simply a question of dollars and cents. Whenever in any compromise or arrangement or combination that may promise some temporary advantage we are led upon that ground, then and there the great living principle upon which we have organized as a party is surrendered. The proposition now in our minds that this thing is wrong being once driven out and surrendered, then the institution of slavery necessarily becomes national.

"One or two words more of what I did not think of when I arose. Suppose it is true that the Almighty has drawn a line across this continent, on the south side of which part of the people will hold the rest as slaves; that the Almighty ordered this; that it is right, unchangeably right, that men ought there to be held as slaves, and that their fellow-men will always have the right to hold them as slaves. I ask you, this once admitted, how can you believe that it is not right for us, or for them coming here, to hold slaves on this other side of the line? Once we come to acknowledge that it is right, that it is the law of the Eternal Being, for slavery to exist on one side of that line, have we any sure ground to object to slaves being held on the other side? Once admit the position that a man rightfully holds another man as property on one side of the line, and you must, when it suits his convenience to come to the other side, admit that he has the same right to hold his property there. Once admit Judge Douglas's proposition, and we must all finally give way. Although we may not bring ourselves to the idea that it is to our interest to have slaves in this Northern country, we shall soon bring ourselves to admit that, while we may not want them, if any one else does, he has the moral right to have them. Step by step—south of the judge's moral climate line in the States, then in the Territories everywhere, and then in all the States—it is thus that Judge Douglas would lead us inevitably to the nationalization of slavery."

THE HON. R. R. HITT, OF ILLINOIS.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GEORGE W. BRECK.

Mr. Hitt was official reporter of Illinois in 1859–60. He reported the Holt-Davis commission at St. Louis; was with Secretary Stanton for a time; then ascended the Missouri River 1500 miles with an Indian treaty commission. In 1867–8 he visited Scotland, Switzerland, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, spending five weeks in Jerusalem. He visited the famous plain of Marathon, though warned against robbers, and told he certainly would be taken by bandits and probably killed. He dressed in a wretched old suit borrowed from a peasant, mounted the worst horse to be had, and took a Greek history and a wallet with a few coppers. He had hardly opened his book on the ancient battle-field when robbers came sure enough and seized him. He begged for food, and they gave him black bread, which he ate with avidity, though it was a horror, and gave each of them a copper. That was too much, and they let him go. He resumed on returning home his occupation as a writer, preparing the reports of the Wade expedition to San Domingo and the Ku-Klux investigation, and served for a time as private secretary to Senator Morton. The sum of his work in the sixteen years that he was a reporter is something enormous, and was of the highest quality. October 28, 1874, Mr. Hitt married Miss Sallie Reynolds, of Lafayette, Indiana, of whom it has been beautifully and truly said, "Gifted and highly educated, she is a charming and sweet-spirited woman, and her heart is in the work of her husband."

In December, 1874, President Grant appointed Mr. Hitt Secretary of Legation at Paris, and he was continued in that position under President Hayes. He has perfect command of the French language, and the *Continental Gazette* of Paris said of him that he was keen-witted and clear-sighted, cultured and genial, and added, "Mr. and Mrs. Hitt, during their official residence of over six years in Paris, have won golden opinions from all sorts of people—she by her beauty and gentleness and intelligence and all lovable and womanly qualities, no less than did her brilliant spouse by his intellect, his tact, and the charm of his manners."

When Mr. Blaine became Secretary of State in the administration of President Garfield, he called Mr. Hitt to be Assistant Secretary, and he resigned the same day that Mr. Blaine's resignation was accepted. President Arthur offered him a foreign mission, but he had had enough of Europe, and returned to his old home in Illinois. The member of Congress for his district, Hon. R. M. A. Hawk, died suddenly June 29, 1882, two days before the convention to nominate a candidate. Mr. Hitt was nominated, elected, and has been continued in Congress, where his habits of industry and his information, knowledge of men and nations, history and languages, and the varied phases of public life at home and abroad, have given him high distinction. His Congressional work has been chiefly done in the Committee on Foreign Relations. He is a positive and systematic protectionist, was an early advocate of removing the duty on sugar, and strongly against reducing the tax on whiskey. He has attempted to regulate the jurisdiction of consuls, as he well knew their deficiencies; and he strongly urged, when he had little company, the observance of treaty stipulations with the Chinese. The vigilance and experience of Mr. Hitt on the Committee on Foreign Relations have been of general and marked value. In the Cutting case he saved Congress from making a mistaken menace against Mexico. On the Hawaiian intervention he delivered a speech of extraordinary energy and acumen and thoroughness. Perhaps the strongest of all his speeches was on "Commercial Union with Canada." Mr. Hitt wears well, and is a satisfactory example of the value of the training of journalism for public life. One of the most remarkable tributes to his power as a debater was that by the Hon. Bourke Cockran, in these terms:

Mr. Cockran:—"Mr. Speaker....The distinguishing address on the other side, the one that has furnished the key-note to this discussion, was the very able and eloquent speech of the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Hitt], to whom and to whom alone is due the credit of lifting the debate to a high plane of parliamentary procedure.

"But I regret to say that while the speech was eloquent it lacked those elements of candor and fairness that would have made it the greatest speech of the session."—*Congressional Record, September* 8, 1888, *page* 8248.

The last lines may be regarded as an apology by one strong partisan for doing justice to another opposed to himself. Mr. Hitt's knowledge of Europe enhances his estimation of America. He has known two generations of our foremost men of affairs, from Lincoln and Douglas to Blaine, Harrison, and Cleveland; and in the rare scope of his recollections, and the invaluable education of his personal services, he has retained and refined, and holds with unaffected dignity, the simple modesty of his laborious early manhood; and there is no more attractive household than in the happy, hospitable homes his wife and sons grace and enliven at Mount Morris and in Washington.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

GOLDEN-BEAK.

BY GEORGE BASSETT.

IV.

THE morning after Mrs. Potwin had told me the story of Temehichi, the purser called me into his office as I rose from the breakfast table and said:

"Well, did you pump Mrs. Potwin last night? You had her in a corner long enough."

"I did my best," I replied, "and she talked about all sorts of things, but I failed to learn the mysterious Japanese word. I wish I knew it. It would be as good as a railway pass or a cartload of money all through Japan."

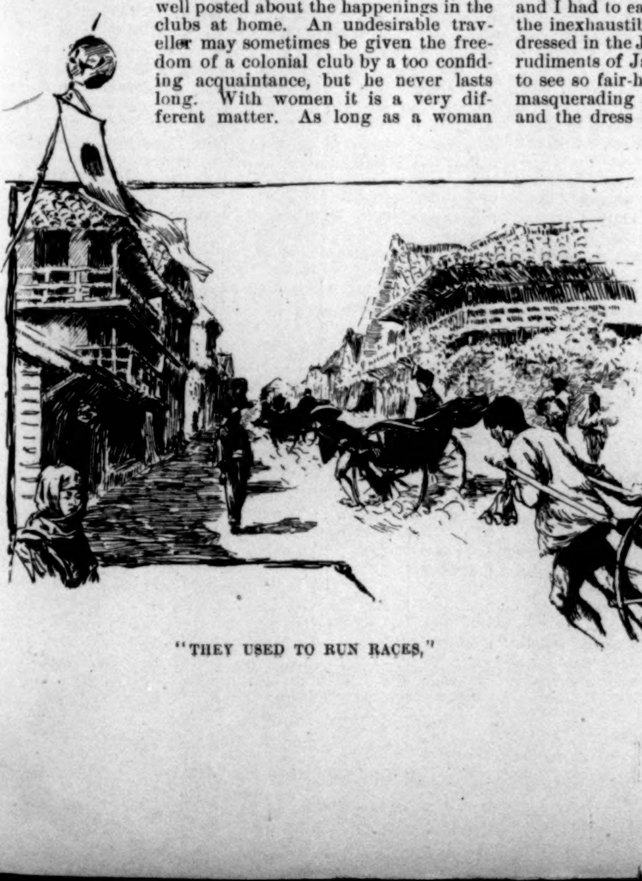
"I suppose that is as much as to say that you know all about it, but had to promise to keep your mouth shut," said the purser. "Well, we have only got a few more days to Yokohama, and I hope there will be no bedevilments in the mean time."

IN THE FIELDS.

Mr. Chamberlain's prayer was answered, for nothing more tremendous than one or two quarrels among the young men of the smoking-room disturbed the latter days of the passage. Then there began to be a great stirring about, and the steerage passengers were busily engaged in dropping many-colored fragments of paper and little handfuls of rice into the sea, seeking to propitiate the gods, and praying that they might find their friends in safety, and prosper in their undertakings. A noisy gull came out to show us the way to the bar at Yokohama, and early the next morning the chain was rattling from the hawse-hole, and the white dome of Fuji-san loomed vaguely through the clouds.

I had Mrs. Potwin somewhat on my conscience. I did not want to bear her ashore with me like a bird of brilliant plumage I had killed at sea, and yet it would be heartless to leave her to the mercy of the boatmen and the hotel runners. And she seemed to me a pitiful little figure, arriving there in a strange country, with her bright blue eyes and her bright yellow hair, to involve herself in I knew not what plots and intrigues. I had made a good many English friends when I had been in Japan before, and there is a pleasant little knot of exiles living on the Bluff beyond the town always very ready to be kind to strangers. But I couldn't quite see myself asking Mrs. This or Mrs. That to call on a "Mrs. Potwin, an American lady whose acquaintance I had made on board the steamer." I could have warned them that her gowns were very surprising, and that her manners were very American. But there would be more than that to explain. English people, even if they are living at the world's end, entertain a belief, and perhaps not an altogether mistaken one, that young ladies whose marriages have miscarried should not travel about the world without the protection of some older woman whose life has been more commonplace. And it never seemed to enter Mrs. Potwin's head that her drunken Irish maid was not a sufficient chaperon.

I learned long ago that it is always foolish for a man to try to help any woman about her social position, even in the miscellaneous society of a minor colony. A woman who is herself in a good position can, if she becomes interested in an eccentric creature like Mrs. Potwin, do a great deal to set her afloat; but the mere fact that a man is trying to help a woman in that way gives her a black eye at the outset. And, after all, English people who are living in out-of-the-way corners of the world have very good reason to be more suspicious than people at home. Every woman's first instinct when she finds that she is being talked about is to go somewhere where no one has ever heard of her. A man may do the same thing, but it is infinitely easier to know when a man is wrong. If he has been caught cheating at cards in England, it is a moral certainty that he cannot go to a colonial club more than three or four times without encountering some one who knows all about him. Men travel about more than women, and the gossips of the outlying clubs manage to keep themselves very well posted about the happenings in the clubs at home. An undesirable traveller may sometimes be given the freedom of a colonial club by a too confiding acquaintance, but he never lasts long. With women it is a very different matter. As long as a woman doesn't pretend to be anybody extraordinarily smart, it is by no means so simple a matter to trace her antecedents, and this tends to make people more cautious. I knew, too, apart from all these general principles, that if I induced any one I knew in Yokohama to give Mrs. Potwin the freedom of the Bluff, she would inevitably flirt with all the men and set all the women by the ears. Plainly enough it was the path of wisdom for me to let her shift for herself from the start.



"THEY USED TO RUN RACES,"

On the whole I was not a little relieved when a very respectable young Japanese came out to us on the health officer's launch and told Mrs. Potwin that he had been asked by friends in California to do what he could to be of use to her. Directed by him, she went to the hotel which I had selected for myself, but I did not see her again that night, as I was dining at the club. The next day she told me that she had made up her mind to try the experiment of taking a little Japanese house for a month or two, and living altogether in the Japanese fashion. I told her that she must let me go and ask her for a cup of tea when she had settled herself, and she said that she would make an exception in my favor, although she had resolved to have nothing to do with the European colony. So I no longer had to trouble myself about trying to find some one to be kind to her, and for a fortnight I only saw her once or twice, and then when she was flying through the streets in a very smart jinrikisha, with two excellent runners.

I was amusing myself very well, but still I was pleased when one day I found a little note from her at the club to tell me that she had made her home in one of the Japanese quarters, half-way up the hill, and asking me to come and eat a Japanese dinner with her that night. I had travelled enough in the interior of Japan to be quite able to eat native food when nothing else was to be had, but I must have liked Mrs. Potwin very much to have been willing to put up with that sort of fare in Yokohama. At any rate, she did it all uncommonly well. She had three or four Japanese maids, much prettier than one usually sees anywhere but in a tea-house, and her little home was furnished in the very best Japanese taste. I had to drink tea and *saki*, and I had to eat raw fish, and everything was flavored with the inexhaustible *soy*. Mrs. Potwin herself was exquisitely dressed in the Japanese fashion, and had already learned the rudiments of Japanese etiquette. It was, of course, absurd to see so fair-haired and fair-skinned an American woman masquerading as a Japanese, but she was a little creature, and the dress looked better on her than it ever does on a foreign woman of ordinary stature. After dinner she played her *samisen* for me, and told me how much in earnest she was about adopting Japanese manners and customs. She was in the first flush of that enthusiasm which Japan always excites in a stranger, and sat cross-legged on her mat with heroic perseverance. I asked her what she had heard from Temehichi, and she told me she had only received one short letter, but that his friends in Yokohama had shown every wish to be of service to her, and had taken a great deal of trouble to install her comfortably in her Japanese abode.

"I begin to believe," said I, "that you are taking all this wild talk of his very seriously, and I am afraid you are going to find yourself in a scrape before it is over."

"I found myself in a scrape before it began," she replied, "for I call it a good deal of a scrape to have a man standing ready to chop off your head."

"Oh, you were no doubt right to say anything the boy wanted you to, in order to get him out of your room that night," I said; "but I can't make out why you encouraged him afterwards. It isn't possible that you mean to marry him!"

"I don't know what I mean," she said. "If he succeeds in all his wonderful schemes I don't know why I shouldn't. It would be nicer in a good many ways to marry an American, but then an American couldn't make me a queen."

"Nor can Temehichi, for that matter," I replied. "If he is not altogether out of his mind, he has been trying to impose on you; but I incline to believe that he is a lunatic. It all sounds to me like a wild dream. There is a lot of opium-smoking in San Francisco, people say, and if the Europeans learn from the Chinese, perhaps your boy took to the habit and it has affected his head. I won't say positively that I know he can't be of the great Tokugawa clan, because the Europeans to whom I have talked take no interest at all in the descendants of a fallen dynasty, and the Japanese themselves are very shy of talking about the Tokugawa people. You see the affair of 'sixty-eight isn't a mere episode in the history of Japan. It is still so recent an event that the Japanese don't like to talk about it. But I have my doubts all the same. And I can't understand all that stuff about his using the two swords. So far as I can make out, the *daimio* and the *samurai* classes used to wear two swords, partly for show, and partly to have a spare weapon in reserve, but I don't believe they ever used them both."

"I don't call that any argument," said Mrs. Potwin. "Poor Temehichi

might very easily have got muddled about a little detail like that. According to his own story, he wasn't born until the old customs were all done away with, and he may have mixed up what his father taught him."

"It's a queer business altogether," said I, "and the queerest part of it all is that I can't quite make up my own mind what to believe and what not to believe. I have asked one or two very well-informed men here about the political situation of the country, of course without saying a word about this extraordinary story of yours, and from what they tell me there is nothing less likely than even an unsuccessful insurrection, let alone an accomplished revolution. There have been one or two little disturbances since the establishment of the mikado's government, but there is no serious political party in Japan who wants to restore the old order of things. I asked one of these men whether he believed there were any revolutionary or reactionary societies at work, and he told me that although there might be some small associations of ambitious and hare-brained young men, there was certainly no organization of any importance."

"Well," said Mrs. Potwin, "if you believe that, I don't see how you are to explain what I have seen with my own eyes, and what you have seen too for that matter. How could a poor Japanese servant-boy like Temehichi get the stewards on board the steamer to take so much trouble about me, and how could he have friends here to do all sorts of things for me unless they all belonged to the same secret society?"

"I know," said I, "that I can't account for what happened on board the steamer, but it is easy enough to explain what you have seen here in Yokohama. He writes to some man here he knows, saying you are going to hire a house and buy a lot of Japanese things, and of course the shopkeepers and the people who get a commission from the shopkeepers for bringing customers to them, are all very glad to help you find what you want."

"But there is more than that to be explained," said Mrs. Potwin. "It isn't only in the way of helping me to buy things that these people have been kind to me. They pay me all sorts of little attentions, and everything is made as easy as can be for me. I don't say that I really believe there will ever be another *shogun* in Japan, and they may have to wait for years and years before they even try to get up a revolution, but I am quite sure that Temehichi is more than an ordinary boy, and that there are a lot of people here ready to do anything he asks them to."

"If that is the case," said I, "it is quite clear to me that you are very unwise to have anything to do with them. You may be sure that the police in Japan, like the police in any other country, know pretty well everything there is going on in the way of agitation against the government, and that if these people are attempting anything of the sort they will all be brought up with a round turn one of these days, and if you mix yourself up with them it will be made uncommonly disagreeable for you at the same time."

"But the police can't do anything to me," said Mrs. Potwin. "No one here has said a word to me about any secret society or anything else of the kind. They come here to see me and ask if they can be of any use. One of them is a Japanese lawyer and another is a clerk in one of the government offices at Tokio, who came all the way down here expressly to see me. They don't even mention Temehichi's name to me. They come and call on me, just so, and drink a great deal of tea, like anybody else, and want to know if they can do anything to make my stay in Yokohama more agreeable. There isn't anything out of the way about it. It is just as if I had come here with a lot of letters of introduction. Perhaps Temehichi hasn't anything at all to do with it, perhaps every stranger who comes and hires a little native house here is treated in the same way—how do I know? I never was in Japan before."

"As for other strangers being treated as you are," said I, "no one ever heard of an American lady, or a lady of any other country, coming here and making her home in the Japanese quarter, and living in Japanese fashion. However, it will be very good fun for you for a while, and you have certainly got a charming little house here and the prettiest maids I ever saw. I am going up-country, shooting for a month with another man, and I hope I will find you all right when I come back. In the mean time, if you should get yourself into any sort of trouble here, go to the American consul and tell him the whole story."

"All right," said she, "I will. But you needn't be anxious about me. And by the time you get back I shall be able to speak Japanese beautifully."

V.

When I was a lad at school there were three or four excellent bathing-places indicated by the authorities; one in a shallow back-water for the smaller boys, and other more extensive reaches for those who had proved their ability to take care of themselves. But there were, I remember, not a few among us who used to sneak away to a muddy little bit of river where there were no diving-boards and no conveniences of any sort, because we thought that swimming ceased to be a pastime as soon as it was recognized and organized as a part of our education. And it was not, perhaps, without some trace of our school-boy perversity that Frank Scarlett and I set out for a month's shooting in the northern part of the main island of Japan. Foreigners are not permitted to shoot over land more than ten miles from a treaty port, and it was only after chivvying the whole staff of the British Legation for a week that we succeeded in obtaining a special permission from the government, and even then we each had to keep a native policeman at our heels to explain to the country people that we were exalted beings, exempt from the customary restrictions. Scarlett, who is a keen sportsman and has excellent shooting of his own in England, would, I knew, be disgusted, but his obstinacy carried everything before it. He wanted to "do" Japan, and it was impossible for him to believe that he could see any new country without having a gun under his arm. We got a few deer, one lean and miserable boar, and very fair bags of duck and green pheasant, but we walked a *ri* for every head of game we saw. And it is an extraordinary fact that all the geographers and all the makers of dictionaries and guide-books are profoundly incapable of translating any sort of foreign measure into English. These wiseacres tell you that a Japanese *ri* is two miles and a half in a flat country and three miles and a half in the hills, and expect you to be attended by a surveying expedition in order that you may ascertain with precision whether your morning's walk lies over country hilly enough to be measured by a long *ri* or flat enough to be measured by a short *ri*. Scarlett and I ultimately hit upon the expedient of counting every *ri* five miles and then dividing each mile into ten whistling distances, for the dogs we had borrowed in Yokohama were always precisely half a mile away from us. It was all very ridiculous as far as the shooting went, but I amused myself well enough, for Scarlett had never been in Japan before, and the agonies he suffered in the native inns were to me vastly entertaining.

When we returned to Yokohama I took him to see Mrs. Potwin. It seemed to me that she was the nearest approach to anything genuinely Japanese which he could be expected to appreciate, and before he had known her a week it was plainly to be seen that he did appreciate her. I have laughed at not a few things in my life, but I have never seen anything so ridiculous as the wooing of Mrs. Ysonde Potwin, American *divorcée* and Japanese *fiancée*, by Sir Francis Scarlett. At the end of a fortnight he put a stop to my chaffing him, telling me that he meant to marry Mrs. Potwin if Mrs. Potwin would marry him, and that he hoped I would have the good taste if I had any comments to make to make them elsewhere than in his presence. He was old enough to take care of himself, or at any rate of such an age that he ought to have been able to take care of himself, but I could not help feeling that if I had not taken him to see her he would never have met her, and that I was in some degree responsible for his preposterous conduct. We came from the same county; his people had always been great friends of my people; and I had known, ever since we had been at school together, that he was a fool. As long as he confined himself to the groove in which his late lamented father had set him running he did well enough. He had plenty of money, and did not throw it away. His shooting in Norfolk cost him a good deal, but it was very good shooting. He always had two or three horses in training, and they won him nearly enough to pay for their keep. He was by no means the sort of man whom a card-sharper would have selected as a likely victim. But the moment he lost sight of his customary social landmarks he was as helpless as a child astray on a moor. There was no reason that he should marry for some years to come, and when the time came for him to marry he ought to marry a woman like one of my sisters or any other man's sisters, not a woman who seemed to have composed herself out of jumbled reminiscences of the cheap novels she had read. But there he was, as much in earnest as any man could be, and there was Ysonde Potwin, charmed to have a second string to her bow. He took an infinite amount of trouble to find better runners for his jinrikisha than she had for hers—and hers were uncommonly good—and they used to run mad races every evening out beyond the cricket-ground, she in her Japanese dress, quite without head-gear, and her short yellow hair flying in the wind. They were like two children. I remembered her having told me on the steamer that she never travelled without a doll, and it seemed to me that Scarlett had set up a doll in his turn, and that she was the doll. They bought each other endless presents—for the most part wooden cooking utensils and Japanese artificers' tools they didn't know how to use. He had been a dull boy at school and an idle one, but she made him stick to his Japanese lessons until they could manage to keep up some kind of a halting conversation. And then, to my horror, they announced that they were going off to Kioto together. I expostulated. I told Scarlett that she would of course get herself talked about if she went flying around the country with him without any chaperon; whereupon Scarlett told me that I was a low-minded beast, and that Japan was not England, and that American women were not English women, and that in America women were taught to take care of themselves, and that if I didn't think Mrs. Potwin knew how to take care of herself I had better not say so to him. I didn't want to come to blows with Scarlett, because I liked him, and because I thought it highly probable that he could punch my head several times before I could punch his once, so I addressed my remonstrances to the lady herself. She didn't lose her temper. She seemed to think it was a new and delightful sort of joke.

"If you knew," she said, "how much you look like my grandmother when you raise your eyebrows that way, you wouldn't do it. It's the simplest thing in the world, my friend. I am going to Kioto because I want to feed the carp at Kinkakuji. You'd go miles and miles to try to catch fish, and I have a mania for feeding fish. When I was three years old I used to take a globe full of goldfish to bed with me always. One person likes one kind of amusement, and another person likes another. And Frank is going to Kioto because he wants to shoot the rapids of the Hozu. If he went all the way to Aomori to shoot ducks, why shouldn't he go to Kioto to shoot rapids? I suppose you think I ought to wait till he comes back to Yokohama before I go, or let him wait till I come back before he goes. That's your way of looking at it. And you get your eyebrows away over to the back of your head because I call him Frank. If he was a man I had only seen two or three times, you wouldn't be horrified at my going to Kioto because he happened to be going there, and yet you talk about my going with Frank, who's quite an old friend of mine now. Why, he's been to see me every day for a month! Anyhow, if you think it's so awful, why don't you go along too? I'll tell everybody you are my grandmother dressed up in a man's clothes."

"Thank you very much for the invitation," said I, "but I think I won't go. Do try to be serious for five minutes, won't you? You know it's only because I like you and take an interest in you that I speak."

"I don't know whether it is or not," said she. "I think you're half afraid Frank and I will get married before we come back. Why shouldn't I marry him, for that matter? You are always talking about respectability, and he's respectable, isn't he?"

"Yes," said I.

"And I'm not? What's the reason I'm not? I'm divorced, but I divorced my husband; he didn't divorce me. Is it my being engaged to Temehichi that makes it so dreadful? Because if it is, I'm not engaged to him. He asked me to marry him, and I told him I'd think about it. The Queen of England couldn't give him a more respectable answer than that, could she? And as for Temehichi, he belongs to a very old family, and he's awfully poor, and I hear you and Frank say the same things about lots of your friends in England."

"It is not your marrying Temehichi that we are talking about," said I.

"And perhaps Temehichi is good enough for me, but I'm not good enough for Sir Francis Scarlett—I suppose that is what you mean?" said the little woman.

"I mean that you will get yourself talked about if you go off to Kioto with him, after the way you two have been larking about Yokohama. That is what I mean," said I.

"And, if you please, who is going to talk about us?" asked Mrs. Potwin. "You! There isn't anybody else here who knows us both. So the worst of it is you'll have to talk to yourself. I can see you locking yourself up in a room and wagging your head at yourself and saying, 'Really, my dear fellow, it's a most shocking business,' and then agreeing with yourself that it is."

"Do you want to marry Scarlett?" said I.

"One question deserves another," said Mrs. Potwin. "Do you think it would be a very hard thing for me to do if I did want to?"

"I think, if you ask me," I replied, "that it would be easy enough for you to get married. I fancy that the consuls or the missionaries or some of those people are in the habit of marrying foreigners here. But as for the future, I am not sure that you wouldn't find it harder to turn yourself into an English woman and lead the life you would have to lead as Lady Scarlett, than to turn yourself into a Japanese woman and be the consort of a *shogun*."

"I don't know how that would be," she replied, "for I've never been to England; but I'll promise you one thing, if it will make your mind any easier: that if I do marry Frank, it won't be until after I have been over to his country and see how I like it."

"It is an original way of acquainting yourself with the various countries of the world," said I, "to engage yourself to men of one nationality after another, and make trial trips to their respective homes. Only you will have to draw the line somewhere, or you will be experimenting with a cannibal tribe one of these days, and have your pursuit of knowledge brought to an untimely end."

"You needn't worry about that," said she. "But as you seem to be so worked up about it, I don't mind telling you one thing: that the man I marry will either be an Englishman or a Japanese."

"And you haven't made up your mind whether it is to be Scarlett or Temehichi?" I asked.

"If I have, I haven't told you," said Mrs. Potwin. And I walked down the hill again to my hotel with no more definite information than that.

I saw them start on their journey, these two extraordinary young people. Their suite consisted of Scarlett's man, a native courier, and two of Mrs. Potwin's little Japanese maids. I saw the procession passing along the Bund on its way to the railway station, and Mrs. Potwin was kind enough to arrest the wild flight of her jinrikisha to bid me good-bye. I asked her why she was not taking a third maid with her, and also the little white donkey which I had bought for her one day, and which she sometimes used to drive in a cart. They might as well have a good big caravan while they were about it, I remarked. She told me that she hoped the two maids would chaperon one another, and that if she had taken the third maid she would have also needed a fourth to chaperon the third; as for the donkey, she didn't know what English manners and customs might be, but that American ladies considered it highly indecorous to travel about with a donkey. And with this parting jeer, off she went.

I heard of the party's movements from time to time, and I did not by any means find it necessary to talk to myself about them, as she had prophesied I should, for within a few days every man in the club knew about Scarlett's journey. An American woman whom nobody knows can do all sorts of eccentric things without arousing any one's interest or attention, but a man with a position in the world such as Scarlett enjoyed does not possess the same immunity. Every one seemed to know that Mrs. Potwin was a friend of mine, and I was heartily weary of being questioned about them before they came back to Yokohama—and they certainly did not hurry themselves. From Kioto they went all the way to Nikko, and from there both of them wrote to me. Scarlett said he was having a very good time, but that he still thought the inns abominable, and that was about all he had to say.

Mrs. Potwin was more communicative. She said she had greatly enjoyed feeding the fish at Kinkakuji, and that she had gone to Nikko because she had heard that the Japanese government was feeding the fish with which Lake Chuzenji had been stocked; and as feeding fish was her great object in life, she wanted to see how it was being done. And Scarlett, she said, had gone on to Nikko because, after shooting the rapids of the Hozu, he wanted to see the Daiyagawa. She hoped, she said, that I would clearly understand that no affairs of lesser moment would have induced them to disturb my equanimity by travelling over the same roads at the same time. And in the mean time she was engaged to be married to Scarlett! It was not, she said, a regular engagement; it was the species of engagement called in America an "understanding," a modified form of betrothal which she considered exceedingly convenient. She had told Scarlett that she was "sort of half engaged" to somebody else, and that such being the case she couldn't accept him outright, but that if this other conditional engagement should not result in a permanent and binding engagement, she would consider herself conditionally engaged to Scarlett. She didn't say what the conditions of this doubly conditional engage-

"HER LITTLE HOME WAS FURNISHED IN THE BEST JAPANESE TASTE."

FAIR WARNING.

"Yes, madame, I remember very well your buying a stamp."
"Well, I put it on a very important letter, and mailed it. It has not been received. I want you to understand that I shall buy my stamps elsewhere if this occurs again."

ment were, but it seemed, as far as I could make it out, to be a solemn agreement that they would marry one another if they wanted to, and wouldn't marry one another if they didn't want to. And in the mean while, she said, she did not want to have it "announced." This remarkable letter ended with the statement that they expected to be in Yokohama again at the end of the month.

As a matter of fact they didn't come back at the end of the month, nor until half-way through the next month. And when they did come back Scarlett told me in all seriousness that Mrs. Potwin was going to marry him, and that he thought she was the sweetest, brightest, prettiest little woman he had ever seen, and that he was as happy as could be, and that perhaps his people at home wouldn't like it, but that he didn't care whether they liked it or not.

I offered him a cigar.

To ask him to smoke seemed a good, safe, conservative sort of thing to say, as I could not think of anything more definite that I thought it would be well to put into words.

He went on to tell me that he knew that in a great many respects Mrs. Potwin's ideas of life were different from the ideas of life entertained by our women at home; but that she was so sweet and so kind and so bright that he was sure she would get on with any sort of people anywhere in the world.

I gave him a match.

He next recited to me a long list of the names of Englishmen who had married Americans, and remarked that all of these American women had shown themselves pretty well able to hold their own in England, and that many of them had, for that matter, acquired no small degree of popularity in society.

I asked him to have a drink.

If he wanted any expression of opinion from me, he was disappointed. I was determined that, if he crowded me into a corner and I had to say what I thought about his projected marriage, that I would tell him I thought him altogether out of his mind; but I preferred not to say so as long as I could hold my peace.

But I talked to Mrs. Potwin. I told her it was not a thing to be joked about; that Scarlett was a very honest fellow, and a very kind fellow, and a very good fellow, and a fellow I liked very much, and that he seemed to have put it into her hands to make him very unhappy if she saw fit so to do. I told her frankly enough that I was by no means sure that it lay equally in her power to make him happy, and that as for her own chances of happiness, I thought that England would be about the last place in the world in which she would like to live. Then I asked her what she had heard from Temehichi. She showed me the last letter she had received from him. It was quite respectful and quite well expressed. It did not allude to the Reactionary Society, and it occupied itself chiefly with suggestions for the furtherance of her health and comfort in Japan. Apparently Temehichi had, as yet, heard nothing about her flying about with Scarlett, and he seemed to be quite at peace with himself and with her.

But only a few days later, on Mrs. Potwin's birthday, she received a strange sort of present, which Temehichi must have had made for her in Japan. It was a little bronze helmet, and was clamped upon the head of a large French wax doll, which came with it. It entirely covered the head of the doll, but was furnished with hinges at one side; and when a spring was touched and the joint opened, the little helmet could be removed. The helmet itself was in the form of a bird's head, the feathers being simulated in a sort of white enamel. The eyes were two small garnets, and the bill, which was shaped like that of a hawk, was made of gold. Mrs. Potwin was delighted with this new toy, which was indeed most ingeniously constructed and most exquisitely finished; and it was a droll sight to see the doll, with its pink cheeks and staring blue eyes, suddenly transformed into a mythic monster, like the sun-god of the Nile, when its head was covered by the casque. I didn't see how Temehichi could have found the money to pay for so elaborate a toy, but I was tired of speculating about his mysteries. So far as I knew she hadn't told Scarlett anything about Temehichi, and I didn't think it was my business to enlighten him. But she used, when I found her alone, to put the helmet on the doll, and solemnly shaking her finger at its golden beak, upbraid it after the manner of Temehichi, calling it "Gold Beak" and "Bad Woman," a performance in which she delighted.

Take it altogether, the little woman's Japanese home was a pleasant place to go for an hour or two, and I was sorry when it was time for me to say good-by to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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can never be described, and it has never been pictured so adequately and satisfactorily as in the splendid portfolio just issued by the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It contains fifteen large plates from the very best instantaneous photographs, which cannot be bought for as many dollars. All these will be sent for 10 cents by FRANK J. BRAMHALL, Advtg. Agt., Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Block, Chicago.—[*Adv.*]

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DR. WILLIAM PEPPER.

Dr. William Pepper, for thirteen years Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, resigned that position at a special meeting of the Board of Trustees held in Philadelphia on Monday, April 23d. His resignation will take effect immediately after the Commencement, which occurs on June 5th.

Dr. Pepper's letter of resignation refers to the marvellous development and present prosperity of the university, which make it possible for him to retire. Attention is directed to the fact that a great academic body has been formed out of a group of disconnected schools, with a strong system of effective central control.

He claims that university extension in America has been established by the University of Pennsylvania, the Provost of the university being Honorary President of this American Society of University Extension. The Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology has a separate charter, and is not owned by the university, but is governed by a board whose majority is appointed by the university trustees. The University Hospital is a special trust, administered by a board of twenty-two members, only four of whom are appointed by university trustees.

The Department of Archæology and Palæontology, a rapidly developing museum of high rank, is governed by a board of thirty-six members, of whom only six are appointed by university trustees. Dr. Pepper refers to these instances to show what admirable results may develop under a system which excludes rigid control, and rests upon mutual confidence and a common devotion to a great cause.

The City Councils in 1872 and 1883 voted a splendid tract of city ground to the university in consideration of the establishment of fifty free beds in the hospital for the Philadelphia poor, and of fifty prize scholarships to be awarded to graduates of Philadelphia public schools. Subsequent accessions have increased the holdings of the university to fifty-two acres.

Dr. William Pepper is the eleventh Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. He was elected in January, 1881. He was born in Philadelphia on August 21, 1843. His father, Dr. William Pepper, was Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the university from 1860 to 1864. Dr. Pepper, the son, graduated from the university in 1862. He was Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy in the university 1868–70, and on Clinical Medicine 1870–76. He was Professor of Clinical Medicine 1876–77. In the latter year he was elected Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, to succeed Dr. Alfred Stillé. Since his election in 1881 as Provost the interests of the institution have advanced with giant strides. It now possesses the only school of hygiene and the most admirably equipped library building in the country.

DR. PEPPER, EX-PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The most important work of the Provost in the development of the university has been in the direction of higher medical education. The course of study has been extended to four years, and was stimulated by this proposition from him:

"Being impressed with the urgent importance of higher medical education, and believing that it is the duty and privilege of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania to be the leader in this final reform of medical education in America, I beg to submit the following proposition: that on condition the university shall decide and announce before June 1, 1891, that a four-year obligatory graded course of medical study shall be established on or before September 1, 1891, I will subscribe towards a permanent endowment fund of $250,000 for the Medical Department the sum of $50,000, subject to the conditions below recited, and towards a guarantee fund of $20,000 per annum for five years the sum of $1000 annually during that period."

Dr. Pepper has regularly carried on the practice of medicine in addition to his duties as Provost. He founded the *Medical Times*, and was its editor in 1870–71. He was Medical Director of the Centennial Exposition in 1876, and for his services in that connection received a decoration of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Olaf from the King of Sweden. He was one of the founders of the Penn. Museum and School of Industrial Art, and for some years a member of the Board of Managers. He is a Fellow of the College of Physicians; member of the American Philosophical Society; of the Pathological Society of Philadelphia, of which he was President in 1873–76; of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of whose biological section he is Director; of the American Climatological Association, of which he was President in 1886; and of many other learned bodies. He has served for many years on the Assay Commission of the United States Mint. In 1881 he received the degree of LL.D. from Lafayette College.

Dr. Pepper was elected President of the first Pan-American Medical Congress, which convened in Washington in 1893. In 1888 he received the degree of LL.D. from Princeton. His most important literary work has been the editing of the *System of Medicine by American Authors*, published in 1885–6. It met with the most flattering success.

There is little doubt in the minds of those who know the inner workings of the university but that the committee will select Mr. Charles C. Harrison as Dr. Pepper's successor. Mr. Harrison has been chairman of the ways and means committee of the Board of Trustees since 1886. He has devoted a great deal of time, thought, and labor to guiding the finances of the university. Should Mr. Harrison refuse the nomination, the name of Professor Edmund J. James, of the Wharton School of Finance, and President of the Society of University Extension, or of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, may come up.

S. Millington Miller, M.D.

GREAT SHIPS FOR THE GREAT LAKES.

The Great Northern Steamship Company are building at the Globe Shipbuilding Works at Cleveland, Ohio, two steamers for the Great Lake traffic which are interesting from many points. These vessels are to be called the *North West* and *North Land*, and will be in commission this summer. They will run between Buffalo and Duluth, and make the trip in fifty-two hours, which will mean an average speed of from twenty to twenty-one miles per hour, including stops and detentions due to the passage through the St. Clair and Ste. Marie rivers.

Their dimensions are 386 feet over all by 44 feet beam, and will be by far the largest on the Great Lakes. They will be propelled by twin screws 13 feet in diameter and 18 feet pitch, turned by quadruple-expansion engines having cylinders 25, 36, 51½, and 74 inches diameter by 42-inch stroke. These engines are calculated to develop 7000 indicated horse-power. Steam will be furnished by 28 Belleville water-tube boilers at a pressure of 225 pounds per square inch.

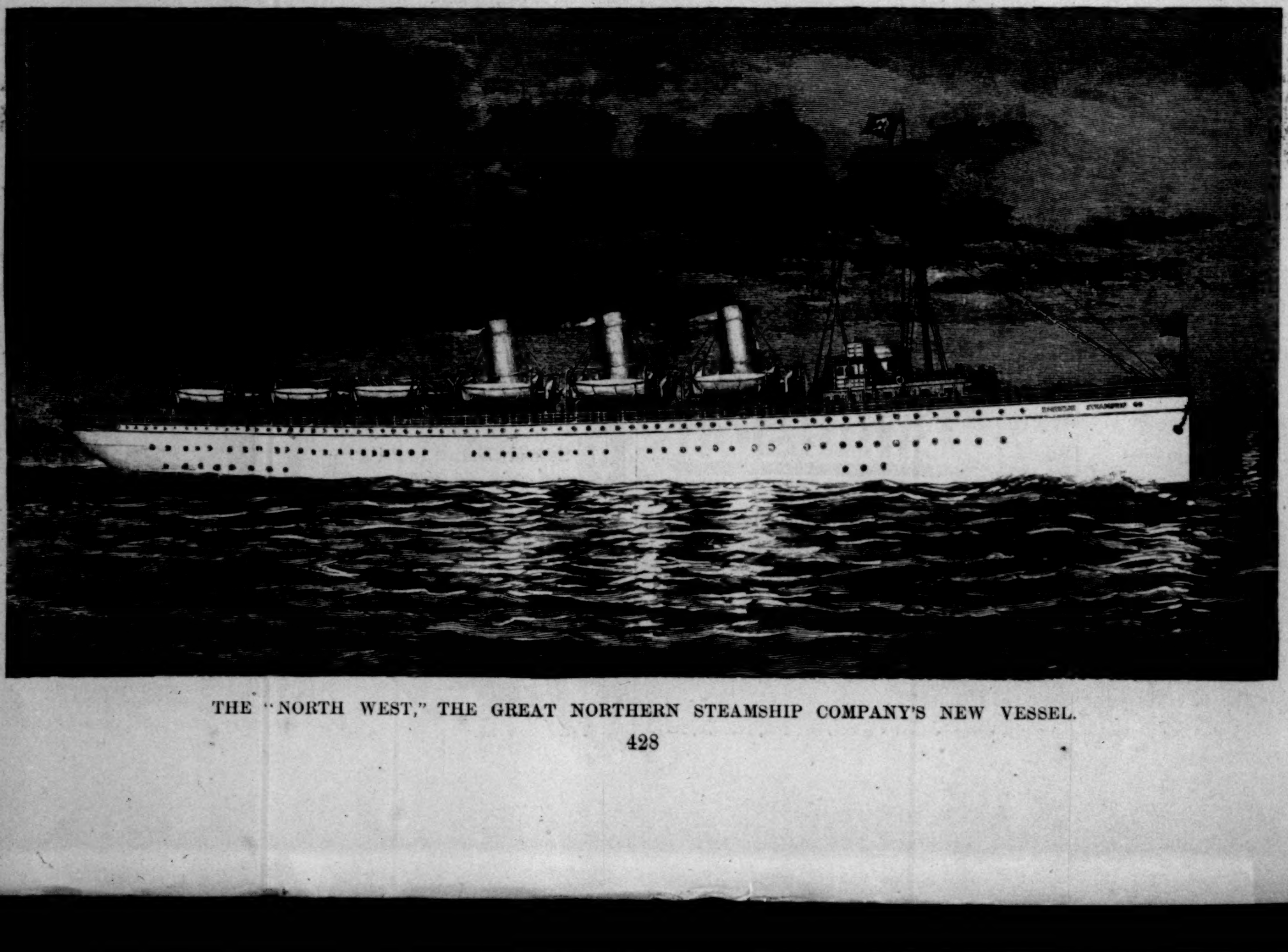
The vessels will be lighted throughout by electricity, and neither trouble nor expense has been spared to add to the comfort of the passengers. The cost is estimated at about $600,000 each.

En route, transfer to Chicago will be made by connections with the steamer *Manitou*, a new vessel, built last year for the Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Transportation Company. This vessel is 295 feet long over all, and is divided by bulkheads, and there is a double bottom the whole length.

The interesting feature in the new designs is the departure from the old-fashioned lake-steamer type to one similar to those in service on the North Atlantic. The engines and boilers are placed amidships instead of in the stern, and the general arrangements of the interior have been entirely remodelled.

The use of water-tube boilers on so large a scale will be watched with interest. These boilers are designed for safety and light weight. No doubt safety has been secured, but those interested will want to know how much has been saved in weight. The use of fresh water will certainly add to their life, although they have been designed in France for salt-water service.

Another feature in which the commercial world is much concerned is the fact that these new vessels are designed to carry passengers only, and no revenue will be obtained from freight. If they are commercially successful, which we trust they will be, it will demonstrate the vast strides that are constantly being made in this country.



THE "NORTH WEST," THE GREAT NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S NEW VESSEL.

SOUP.

THE WAYFARER'S LODGE.

By Richard Barry.—Illustrated by Charles Broughton.

It was nearly eight o'clock, and my friend —— had not put in an appearance. I had promised to wait for him, but I was growing impatient, and, to tell the truth, rather hungry. Besides this, I had promised to undertake an experience that was to be a new departure for both of us, and I was rather doubtful as to the outcome.

Suddenly there came a knock, and I opened the door. There stood a rough-looking young man who carried a huge leather bag, and behind him stood my landlady. For a minute I was inclined to laugh, for beneath the rough-looking clothes and tousled hair I recognized ——, and the landlady's glance of serious suspicion was too comical to describe. She must have been assured at my greeting, however, for she heaved a sigh of relief, and we closed the door behind us.

"Get into these duds," said my friend, throwing the bag on the floor. "And hurry," he added; "I'm afraid we're late."

I opened the bag. If his clothes were rough, the ones I pulled out were disreputable. I suggested that perhaps there was a danger of overdressing the part, and I picked up the tattered mass rather gingerly.

"They're not as bad as they look," was the rejoinder; "they're just picturesque. Now don't back out; you'll look fine in them."

So I put on a rather dingy "jumper" over a gray flannel shirt, a pair of tattered trousers, an old pair of russet shoes, and a coat the lining of which hung in festoons around the edges.

"Did that with a nail," said my friend, surveying me with

"NOW DON'T BACK OUT. YOU'LL LOOK FINE IN THEM."

an air of pride; "and I dusted the cellar with the whole outfit. Put a ten-year-old finish on in about five minutes—didn't I? Great, isn't it—eh?"

I assented, and looked at myself in the glass. "Clothes have something to do with making the man, after all," I began, when he stopped me.

"I say, dear boy, your face is too clean," and he persisted in touching me up with a bit of soft coal from the grate. "Now you're fine," he chuckled. Then he destroyed a fairly good Derby hat by kicking it about the room and burning the rim in the gas jet (thereby raising a frightful smell), and we hurried down stairs and out into the night. It was more like December than April, and the sidewalks were sloppy wet. I regretted my mackintosh before I had gone a block, and the thin shoes were soaked in an instant. Looking at ——, I could scarcely imagine that this was the same man I had lunched with at the Savarin a few hours before, dressed in a neat suit, with a shiny topper on the chair beside him. He shuffled along, with his shoulders hunched up, his hands in his trousers pockets, and looked so woe-begone that, taking the weather into account, I would gladly have paid for his night's lodging had he asked me for it on the Avenue.

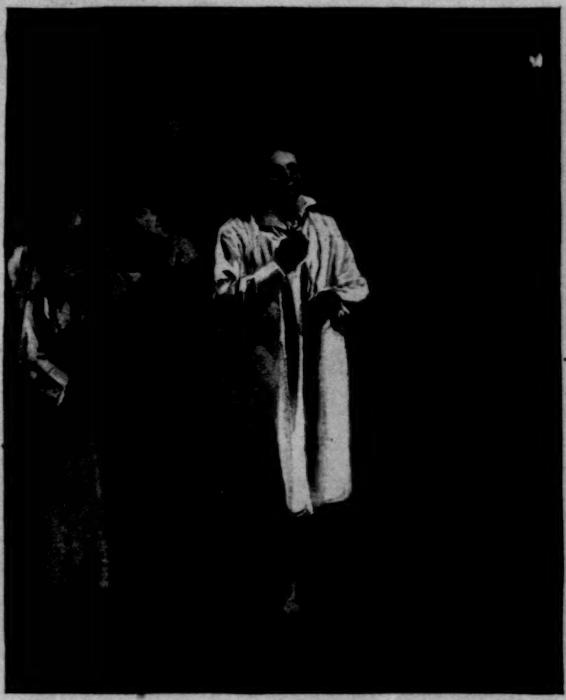
We were passing under the elevated tracks, when he turned to me. "You look like a fright, old man," he said, in a complimentary tone. "Come in here; we'll get a cigar, and smoke going over."

To say the tobacconist was astonished does not convey the idea, but he handed out the box indicated without a word. A minute later two of the raggedest-looking tramps you ever saw were trudging westward through the rain, each smoking a Carolina Perfecto costing thirty-five cents apiece. But to get on with the experience.

We crossed Eighth Avenue and Ninth to Tenth Avenue, and walked up to the corner of Twenty-eighth Street; we turned westward here, and ascended the steps of a neat brick building, No. 516, at the end of a row of tenements.

On the way across we had stopped and had a beefsteak in a basement restaurant (and a good steak it was, I remember). Here my friend had given me a narrow slip of paper with "The Wayfarer's Lodge" printed at the top, and I learned that my name was "Samuel Johnson," while his was "Thomas Moore." Each ticket was signed with ——'s own name in full.

As we stepped inside the hallway of the neat brick building, we found five or six men waiting in line to present their tickets at a little window in a wire screen that stretched across the front of a businesslike little office to the right. On the left was a glass partition, through which could be seen a crowd of fifty or sixty men sitting about a large table, reading or talking quietly together. The whole place was permeated with the odor of good wholesome soup, and there was no smoking. Presently it was our turn at the window, and the following questions were asked by a young man with a big ledger before him: "What is your name?" "Where were you born?" "How old are you?" "Where did you get this ticket?" All of these questions were easy to answer, and we were passed on through a door in the glass partition. We both sat down and looked about us. At the lower ends a large counter, like the usual railroad lunch-counter, extended into the room; the floor was concrete; there was no attempt at decoration, but everything was as neat as the deck of a man-o'-war. The crowd was a motley one; some of the men were rather neatly dressed, others poorly, and some in rags, but the conversation was interesting to a degree.



"THEY HAVE THE SAME SIZED NIGHT-GOWNS."

"What are you givin' us, Quinn," said a man with a red nose and good-natured face as we entered. "You talk like a sewin'-machine. Ef you was rich, you'd be like the rest of 'em—you'd give away a lot, wouldn't you?"

"Quinn's trolley's slipped," put in another. "He'll want ter be a bum-throwin' anarchist [he pronounced the last syllable "shist"] next."

"Let's call the perlice," suggested a third. "He might want ter blow some of us millionaires inter the river."

Quinn, a little bald man, with watery eyes and a congested complexion, had evidently been holding forth upon some social topic, but at this he subsided, and we heard no talk further of any "anarshistic" tendency.

A man of about thirty, sitting beside my friend "Mr. Moore," suddenly turned to him and spoke. "First time you've been here," he said. My friend admitted it. "Belong to New York?"

"Well, yes, but I just came from the West."

"Workin' the pan-handle."

"Eh?"

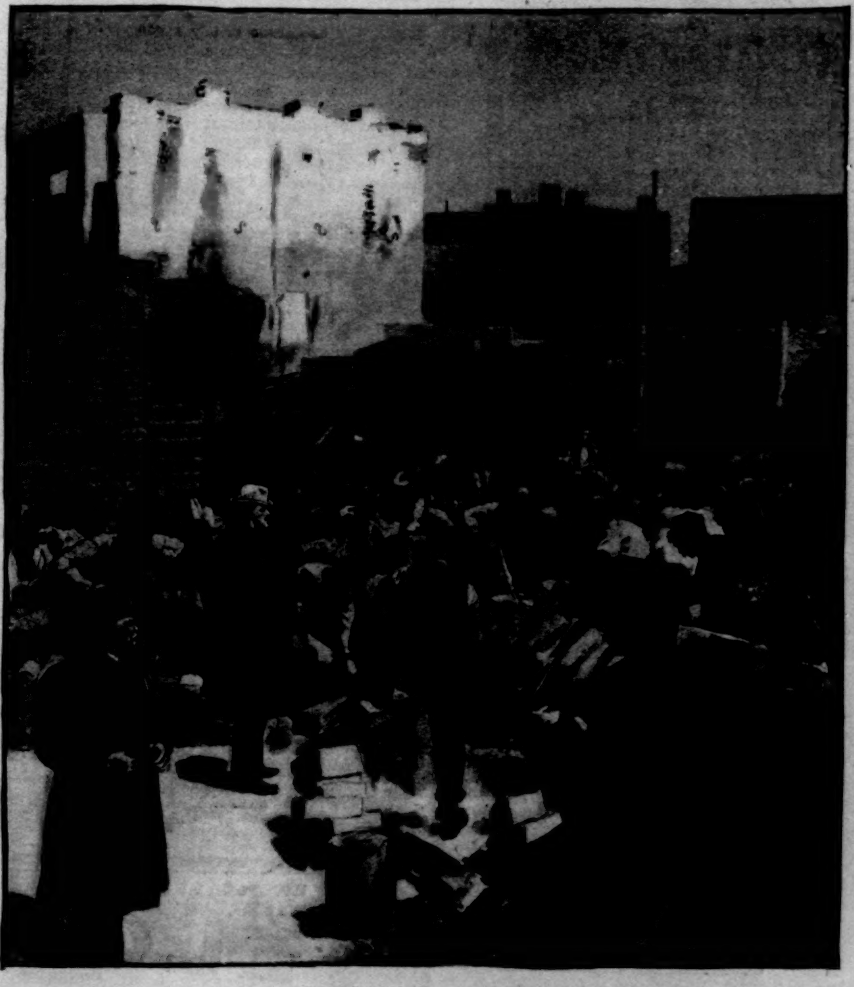
"I mean, are you beggin'?"

"No. Haven't come to that yet."

A pause ensued. Then his questioner continued: "You'll come to it after a while. If yer any good, and don't get nipped, yer can make a dollar a day." He pointed out a man who sat across the table. "There's a man who made a five once in one day, beggin'; on the level; but he spent it in booze, and they pinched him; he's afraid to now."

The space is too short to repeat much more of the conversation, but this much we found out: The crowd was divided into men really out of work, men brought down by drink, professional tramps, and a few who worked spasmodically, some men who begged for their living (only a few of these), and three or four who might have been clerks or salesmen at some time. One or two cases quite excited pity. A sailor who had deserted an English man-of-war in the harbor during the Columbian naval festivities said he was dying of homesickness, and cursed the day he saw the Bowery. They all had tales to tell. One thing it would be unfair to pass by unnoticed—the politeness of the attendants, who treated the poor riffraff and unhappy creatures like men; there was no rough talk, no harshness; and the transient guests seemed to appreciate this, for I heard it commented on by three or four of them. This leads me to say a few words about the Lodge before I go further with my story.

It is a branch of the Charity Organization Society, and is maintained on a self-supporting, or at least an economic, basis. The idea is this: A man who presents a ticket, given to him by some subscriber (a book of ten tickets costs one dollar) will receive a dinner of broth, bread, and coffee; a place to sleep, a bath, and a breakfast. In return for this he is expected to do a certain amount of work, viz., saw wood, chop it into kindlings, and pile it in the Lodge wood-shed. For his dinner and lodging he chops eighteen sticks (one-eighth of a cord); for his breakfast alone, one-sixteenth of a cord. For the average healthy man this takes about three hours, or a little over; those who are physically unable are given "cleaning up" to do, or some kindred employment. There is also another arrangement by which a married man with a family living in the city can turn his work into money. He can draw fifty cents for his three hours' work (for his one-eighth cord, that is), and leave the premises for his home. The lodgers are not allowed to come more than three times in one week, and cannot leave until their work is finished. If one wishes good fire-wood, here is the place to get it, and to be charitable at the same time. During the months of December, January, February, and March 14,129 days' work were given. There were 8426 homeless men lodged in beds, and 317 spent the night in chairs;



AT WORK IN THE WOOD-YARD.

4487 married men took advantage of the chance to earn fifty cents by three hours' hard work in the wood-yard. But to return to the evening which is the occasion for this story, and to the room on the first floor.

We had sat there for perhaps an hour, when it was announced that the bathing-time had arrived. The men arose and filed down stairs to the basement. Here again everything was as neat and clean as could be, and the proceedings were of interest, ending in a scene that was so seriously comic that it must make a person smile to imagine it. The men divested themselves of their clothes, and gave them to a man behind another wire-cage affair, receiving in exchange a brass check, a night-gown, a clean towel, and a cake of castile soap. The clothes are put in bags and run into a disinfecting steam-box, where they are thoroughly dried and fumigated. After the bath, which, with few exceptions, the men seemed most eager to take (there are showers along the wall that accommodate a number at a time), the funny sight began. Imagine fifty or sixty men—the house has beds for one hundred and twelve—all in clean white night-gowns, with huge carpet slippers on their feet, slowly going up stairs in a body to the dormitories. Each man has a brass tag about his neck, and, tall or short, large or small, they each have the same sized night-gowns. It was so strange a sight that my friend (who, I suspect, wears silk pajamas) almost choked. Some of the "guests," whose backs had been innocent of night-wearing apparel for Heaven knows how long, surveyed themselves with a grin of childish delight. And here an odd thing. It is impossible to keep combs and brushes. Some one always steals them, probably because they are the only portable things that might come handy in after-life. The men were mostly Irish, a few Germans, English, and Scotch, three or four Americans, and no Swedes or Italians.

When we arrived upstairs we found the dormitories, like everything else, neat, clean, and well ventilated. The rules of the Health Department are complied with to a letter; the beds, narrow canvas cots, are two feet apart, and are quite comfortable. On a little stand at the head of each cot is a small Testament; not a few are stolen—which is very encouraging. I must confess that Messrs. "Johnson and Moore" did not sleep as well as they might have if there had been less snoring, but the others were contented, and performed solos and roundelays and recitatives to a subdued chorus of healthful slumber.

In the morning, out into the yard, saw and axe hard at work until the task was done. We secretly confessed that if any men earned their salt those men did that morning; as for ourselves, Mr. "Moore's" friends suppose he has been rowing. The breakfast, broth, bread, and coffee, was partaken of with a relish—thick broth, or, rather, a stew—potatoes, turnips, meat—and all you can eat of it. One of the rules on the wall reads, "If you wish anything more to eat, ask the cook." The china-ware is thick but clean, and the attendants again were as polite and nice in their attitude towards the men as one could wish, talking pleasantly to them and bidding them good-morning.

It must be confessed, however, that as two of the late transients discussed a filet at their club that night they looked at their hands, and Mr. "Moore" observed, "I say, old chap, I am glad I didn't have to cut wood for you."

And Mr. "Johnson" observed, "I wonder what Quinn would say if he saw us now?" But we agreed that the experience was worth the time and blisters, and the Wayfarer's Lodge has gained two stout supporters.

"US MILLIONAIRES."

AGAINST CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

PRESS despatches bring the intelligence of trouble in Chicago over the Chinese Sunday-school question. If Chicago enters into internal dissensions with the same torrent of energy which she displays when combined against a common enemy, the prospect of a general falling out there cannot but make the hardiest shudder; but possibly the present difficulty may be settled without vigorous measures.

The trouble in question seems to have been brewing for some time, the actual outbreak being precipitated by a recent banquet tendered their teachers by the Chinese Sunday-school of the First Presbyterian Church. We need scarcely say, perhaps, that it is the Chicago men who are rising up against the Chinese Sunday-school. Already they are organized under the title of the Anti-Chinese Sunday-school Society. The society proposes to "agitate against the custom of allowing young girls to act as teachers in Sunday-schools where each Chinaman has a teacher to himself." This certainly does seem like wanton extravagance in girls. The visible supply of girls is always limited—in fact, there is generally a distinct shortage in girls, as in most other good things—and when it comes to drawing off a girl for each Chinaman it leaves an actual stringency in girls which is positively painful. The young men of Chicago ask why one girl won't do for ten or a dozen Chinamen. Their idea is that at least as many Chinamen as this can listen to the instruction which falls from the lips of a girl Sunday-school teacher as well as one. But the Chinese have different views, and vigorously adhere to the one Chinaman one girl tenet. In fact, they won't come to Sunday-school at all under any other conditions.

The Anti-Chinese Society, however, does not base its crusade on the depletion which the system makes in the ranks of the girls, but on the charge that the mild and guileless children of the Middle Kingdom are unmitigated scoundrels, who come to Sunday-school solely to enjoy the society of the young women teachers, one teacher to each unmitigated scoundrel. As a horrible example they hold up Mr. Mock Moon, the president of the Chinese Christian Endeavor Society. On the very day of the banquet he had been arrested and released. The childlike Moon, however, explains this by saying that he was arrested because he refused to give a cigar to a policeman; and it cannot be denied that, heathen though he be, he has, in his poor blind way, hit upon a story with a certain amount of plausibility in it. It shows that a man may bow down to wood and stone and still make a considerable study of policemen out of the corners of his eyes.

It seems at this distance that the new society has a good-sized job on its hands, because not only are the Chinamen opposed to any change, but the teachers as well. There are in the school forty scholars, and as many teachers, all but five of the latter being young women. These five are men, and the Chinamen under their guidance are said to "complain bitterly," and hold on at all only in the hope of better things. The thirty-five young women are reported as "enthusiastic over the Chinamen," whom they find "just lovely," and "gentle as children." They of course rally round Mock Moon, and applaud his noble refusal to give the unscrupulous officer the cigar, even though he knew that he must suffer arrest in consequence. Just how the "Antis" are going to work is not stated, beyond the somewhat indefinite remark that they will "agitate." Agitation will in some cases do a great deal, but it can never accomplish much against thirty-five determined young women. A young woman is probably the most discouraging thing to agitate against which there is. She may frequently be successfully coaxed, but seldom agitated against. The society should be on its guard lest the young women begin themselves to agitate, and agitate it out of town. The police, too, should cease to make demands upon the bland Mock Moon, or they also may get a taste of agitation. The public at large is looking on with interest. H. C.

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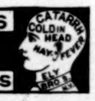

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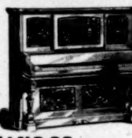

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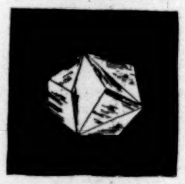

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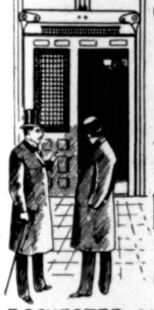

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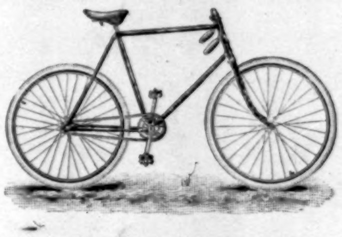

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